The Girl and the Lemon==By Ike Swift

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.

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RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.
NEW YORK: SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1906.
VOLUME LXXXVIII.—No. 1506. Price, 10 Cents.

CATCHER FITZGERALD.

YOUNG BACKSTOP WITH M'GRAW'S GIANTS WHO SEEMS TO BE CHAMPIONSHIP MATERIAL.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN THE WORLD
Established 1846.
ISSUED EVERY WEEK.

RICHARD K. FOX,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.

Saturday, June 23, 1906.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, N. Y., as Second-class Mail Matter.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, $4.00 PER YEAR.

FOREIGN RATES:

ONE YEAR	£1 1s. 0d.
SIX MONTHS	10s. 6d.
THREE MONTHS	5s. 3d.

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THE SUPPLEMENT WITH THIS ISSUE: SHERRING, Winner of the Marathon Race.

Miscellaneous Sports.

The fastest mile reported from the Libertyville, Ill., track this season so far is 2:22, by Exalted, 2:12½.

J. H. Fifield, the veteran horseman, from Alton Bay, N. H., thinks he has a green 2:10 horse in training.

The East View Farm gelding Claro Mendocino, 2:19½, stepped a mile for Ben Walker in 2:11¼, before leaving California.

Irwin Scheffey, a member of the Shuler Shooting Club, of Pottstown, Pa., did some record shooting recently, which places him at the top of local trapshooters. He broke 40 targets straight, and, with a score of 47 out of 50 targets shot at, led his team in the match shoot with Phœnixville.

E. R. Bradley's gelding, Bad News, made a new track record for a mile and a quarter at Belmont Park, N. Y., recently, covering the distance in 2:04 3-5. The old record of 2:07 was made by P. J. Dwyer's Knight Errant last October. Bad News was going away at the end, and could have made faster time had there been any horse in the race to force him.

Two new world's records were established at Belmont Park, N. Y., on June 5 and 6. Frederick Johnson's chestnut colt Aeronaut, by Ayrshire—Miss Ellie, picked up 126 pounds and ran seven furlongs in 1:25, which equaled the world's record for a circular track made by The Musketeer at Saratoga, four years ago. Welbourne, brown gelding, by Freak—Witch Hazel II, ran seven and one-half furlongs in 1:32.

At the quoiting match between Thomas Nicholson, of New York, and George Cowan, the Worcester expert, at Worcester, Mass., on June 5, three games were played. In the first game the play was mediocre. Mr. Cowan proved the better, however, and won, 21 to 13. In the second game Mr. Nicholson improved greatly and turned the tables on his opponent by exactly the same score. In the final game Mr. Nicholson got into his steady swing, and, with his opponent seemingly much fatigued, won 21 to 8.

Interesting Pictures.

N. E. Curtis is a well-known saloonkeeper of Platte, S. D., who is an all-around sport as well as a pit game and dog fancier.

Harry Gilbert is one of the most popular saloonkeepers at Fort Wayne, Ind. His place is at 1217 Calhoun street, and it is frequented exclusively by the best people of the city.

Private Herbert Vanmatre, of Company D, 15th Infrantry, stationed at Camp Keithley, Mindanao, P. I., is not only a crack shot, but is a good boxer and an all-around sport. J. E. Landers, of the same company, writes as follows: "All here eagerly look forward to the arrival of the POLICE GAZETTE, which is read by every member of the company, and we send you our best wishes for its success."

One of the best 115-pound boxers in the country is Benny Franklin, whose portrait is shown on page 7. He hails from Baltimore, Md., and is popular with the boxing fans of his home State and New York, and in twenty-one battles before the different clubs in New York he never suffered defeat. He is a gentlemanly little fellow, steadily improving in his boxing, and it is predicted by enthusiasts that he will soon be at the top of the bantam class.

Because they were getting ready to leave the Marine Barracks at Olongapo, P. I., for home, the Marine Volunteer Band had a little masquerade celebration of their own. Just how they looked may be seen by the picture on another page. Those represented are: First row left to right: Privates Tischer, Maynard, Fuller, Tower, Blaszak, Lieutenant Conger, Captain Butler, Drummer Benjamine, Private Ostrom. Second row: Privates Tuttle, Brown, Fox, Trumpeters Bennett, Ames, Privates Sterchi, Olds, Burns, Corporal Wood, Private Meyers. Third row: Private Wendt, Trumpeter Hamilton, Privates Rogers, West, Fields, Curtis, Corporal Corless, Privates Shirley, Rees, Ford, Sergeant Preston, Private Jones.

MONEY COMES EASY

When you play poker if you will study the game. Get a copy of Poker: How to Win, that's all. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra. Write Police Gazette office.

INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS

PICKED UP THROUGHOUT

THE THEATRICAL FIELD

Professionals Are Invited to Send Paragraphs of Their Doings For Publication on This Page.

GAZETTE HALF-TONE PHOTOGRAPHS ARE POPULAR

Hill-Edmunds and Baby Florence Are Scoring a Big Hit---Kennedy and Wilkens Triple-time Wooden Shoe Dancers a Sensation---Gossip.

Whitely and Bell have concluded their fourth season with the "Peck's Bad Boy" Company.

The Musical Rosar Trio, who recently closed a thirty-six weeks' engagement with Myrkle-Harder Company, under the management of E. J. Hall, are at home for the Summer, breaking in two new novelties for next season.

Billy Graham, eccentric dancer, has signed with La Barre Brothers' Minstrels, for the Summer and Winter season, playing principal end and doing his act in olio. He reports success.

Gibson and Nash have had their time put back on the Jackson circuit, in order to play parks instead of the theatres. They are at their homes for six weeks, when they will begin their regular bookings.

Cora Evelyn is with the Walden Stock, at the Palace Theatre, Boston, engaged as a principal.

Williams and Melburn, who recently finished the Kohl & Castle circuit, are booked solid till Aug. 26, playing parks. They open their regular season Oct 8, at Tony Pastor's, New York City, with other good bookings to follow.

The George H. Adams American Pantomime and Vaudeville Company, under the management of A. L. Saville, has been booked solid by Harry A. Hann, over the Hann circuit of parks.

Hill-Edmunds and Baby Florence are now playing their eighth week as vaudeville features with the Berger-Gross Stock Company, who are playing a Summer engagement at Traction Park, Albuquerque, N. M. They inform us that the company is meeting with great success, as is also their many different specialties.

THE GREAT PRENTICE TROUPE.

You will notice that the Lady is Supporting All of Her Companions. Incidentally Their Act is Worth Seeing. The above pose is an exceedingly clever one.

Conger and Odin report great success in their act.

Wood and Stone, musical comedians, report their new act a big success.

Allen Wightman, modeler and painter, has booked the entire Summer through the Western Association.

Frank A. Moore has joined the Sevengalas for the Summer, and will be a special feature with the attraction.

Edward A. Johnson closed with W. H. West's Minstrels, and is spending the Summer at Bridgeport, Conn.

Beverly and Marshall are doing ends with Lucier's Minstrels, and their featuring specialty. They report meeting with great success.

The Dayton Sisters were not in San Francisco during the earthquake, but were filling time in the Northwest over Pantages' circuit.

Bonnie Gaylord, "The Girl From Posey County," is booked solid until March next, playing the Keith, Castle, Anderson and Hopkins circuits.

Vice and Viola go to Washington, D. C., for the season. They will play in stock at the Lyceum Theatre, for Charles E. Taylor, manager of the Alcazar Beauties.

Joe Whitehead and the Grierson Sisters, a trio that joined hands two months ago, report success with their new act. Mr. Whitehead is singing some of his own songs.

Jack Sully, comedian and dancer, has closed a very successful season with Al G. Field's Greater Minstrels. He has signed for next season, making his second season with the company.

Unicycle Hay, comedy 'cyclist, whose act was a feature of Vogel's Minstrels, season 1905-06, will double with his former partner, Arch Barkley. The team will be known as Unicycle and Hay. They will play the leading parks this Summer.

Frederick C. Schanberger, business manager of the Maryland Theatre, has leased Electric Park from Messrs. Crain & Hershey, who recently purchased it under the mortgage on the Park Company, and will convert it into a high-class amusement resort.

Margarette Walruff has several good offers from different companies for next season, playing a soubrette role and, in connection, will present an entirely new singing and dancing act that she thinks is sure to score as great a success as her work has in the past.

The Miltons, Mr. and Mrs. George W., have closed a season of forty weeks which has been a success both artistically and financially, and have arranged return dates for next season in all houses played last season. They are laying off for the Summer at Houston, Tex., and having a splendid time.

Kennedy and Wilkens, champion team dancers of the world, are a special attraction at the Steel Pier, Atlantic City, for the Summer season. They challenge any team in the profession, bar none, to a wooden-shoe dancing contest, single or double. Address Police Gazette or Pier.

The initial performance of the Bonheur Brothers' New Railroad Shows was given to enormous business, at Alva, Okla., on May 19. A midget was born to the Shetland pony mare Hazel, on the show's arrival at Alva, and was christened "Alva," which caused the *Alva Daily Pioneer* to say: "If it is a likeness to the city whose name it bears, it will be a jewel that will brighten in wealth and beauty until it outshines all and becomes a wonder of its time."

Eduard Waldmann's debut in vaudeville in his condensed version of "Dr. Jeykll and Mr. Hyde" was so successful that after his first performance, at the International Theatre, Chicago, he received an offer from the International vaudeville circuit to immediately play their theatres on the Pacific Coast, which Mr. Waldmann has accepted, for sixty-eight weeks. He will return to Chicago in time to rehearse for his open-air performances of Shakespeare.

Morrill's Merry Makers, under the direction of George A. Morrill, Jr., are touring Maine and Canada, with the following people: The Craigs, Pete Sprague, Elsie Gladys, Mark J. Clancy, the Raymonds, Adrietta Rehan and the Whitney Trio, Peter Craig, stage director; Louis L. Comstock, musical director; David D. Almy, electrican, and Ed H. Barnstead, Jr., who is doing great work ahead. Manager Morrill is busy organizing a stock company for the Summer and next season.

Charles E. Taylor has signed the following people for the Lyceum Stock Company, Washington, D. C.: Vice and Viola, Pete Curley, Jim Connors, Harry Kohler, Billy Watson, Gladys Sears, Crawford and Gardner, sister act; Jenkins and Barnes, sister act; Del Netra, toe dancer; Violet Duseth, Spanish dancer; Lillian Nulty illustrated songs; Maud Wilson, Laura Creighton, Verna Draper, May Sherwood, Millie Sherwood, Ella Altman, Julia Delmar, Nancy Tempest and Marie Jansen. In addition to the regular stock they will play five high class vaudeville acts each week, booking in conjunction with the Bijou Theatre, Philadelphia.

AVOID CONSUMPTION.

It's very simple, if you will follow Prof. Ittmann's exercises in No. 2 of Fox's Athletic Library. Illustrated. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra. Police Gazette, New York

ALL BASEBALL FANS SHOULD POSSESS A COPY OF MANAGER-CAPTAIN McGRAW'S GREAT BOOK....SEE PAGE 11

GLIMPSES OF GOTHAM

No. 34.

The Manicure Girl and the Lemon

By IKE SWIFT.

IKE SWIFT.

"HOW long have you been here?" asked the man with the black mustache; "I never noticed you before."

"Just a week to-day," said the manicure, as she soused one of his fat, pudgy paws in the scented water. She didn't even take the trouble to look up at him as she talked, but applied herself at once to the almost impossible task of making his nails even presentable. It's a hard job, you know, trying to improve on one of nature's bum pieces of work.

The man leaned back in his chair contentedly, and with that air of assurance which money begets, and he looked her over as he would have looked over a new style of shirt in a haberdasher's window. He noted that her hair was dark chestnut in color and luxuriant, also that it was undoubtedly all her own. The contour of her face was such as would have attracted any man with red blood in his veins and a heart to pump it. She had, besides, nice hands that were well kept, and a dainty manner that was rather charming.

"Don't you ever get tired doing this kind of work?" he asked, when he had finished his inspection and had sized her up to his apparent satisfaction.

'I am always tired of it," she answered, briefly.

"How would you like to travel?" was his next question.

Then she paused a moment and glanced up. She was smiling, and the two dimples that came in her cheeks rather enhanced her beauty.

Then he saw that she also had teeth that were white and regular, that her lips were red and her eyelashes long.

You know a bargaining man takes in all these things, just the same as a buyer of beef on the hoof feels and prods the cattle in the search for blemishes.

"There is nothing in the world I would like better than to travel."

She looked him squarely in the eyes, and her smile was accentuated. Then she resumed her work. As for him he leaned still farther back in the comfortable chair and sucked complacently on his big Havana.

"I knew you was a nice little girl as soon as I saw you."

"Did you?"

The rapid, supple fingers never paused for a moment in their work, and were trimming, rubbing and polishing those awful nails into some kind of decent shape. The thick, heavy, hairy hand, with its spatulate extremities, showed physical strength and nothing else. It was made for work, and it had worked, too, in its day. It had been used to the most ordinary and menial kind of labor, as the hands of its ancestors had. It had lifted beams and handled picks and shovels. It had pulled at ropes and tugged at heavy burdens. It had had little to do with the gentler side of life, and even the big diamond ring on the fourth finger could not hide its early career.

But an accident happened—a money-making accident which some might call opportunity, and the hands had been withdrawn from their labors, and the callous spots had a chance to disappear—gradually, but none the less surely. The movement of the slim white fingers caused him to look down, and he was conscious of the fact that his heart was beating a bit faster than usual. The blue smoke from his cigar curled up through his mustache, it crept into his eyes and made them sting. Through the haze he noticed that the girl had a bow of black ribbon fastened to her hair.

"I'll bet you'd be a good sport if you had the chance."

"That depends upon what you mean by the chance," she said.

He couldn't quite analyze that, and so he blurted out:

"Go down the line with me and I'll show you."

She paid no attention to that.

"How about it?" he persisted.

"How about what?"

"I'd just like to take you out to a little lunch for two. What time do you break away from here. What time do you knock off?"

"To-night, do you mean?"

"Sure, yes, to-night."

"Just time enough to go home, and I never go out at night."

"Tush, tush, now. Be a good fellow, and if I like you I'll take you on a long trip. You know you said you liked to travel, didn't you? Well, I'm going to give you the chance, if you behave yourself and stick to me. I've been looking for a girl like you for a long while, and you just hit me right, so you're on the job. I can make good, all right, you needn't be afraid of that, for I've got all kinds of money, and when I meet anybody I like I spend it like a drunken sailor, see?"

"Yes, I see; I knew you had money all the time."

"You did, did you; well, how?"

"Because it is only men with plenty of money who would talk to a girl the way you have been talking to me. It is only the men with money who think they can buy everything in sight, especially if that which they think they fancy happens to be the wearer of a skirt, and it's the men with money who think their money is better than anybody else's money, and their dollars are of more value than the dollars owned or controlled by some one who has less than they have. Are you married?"

"No," he answered. He would have said more if he had known what to say.

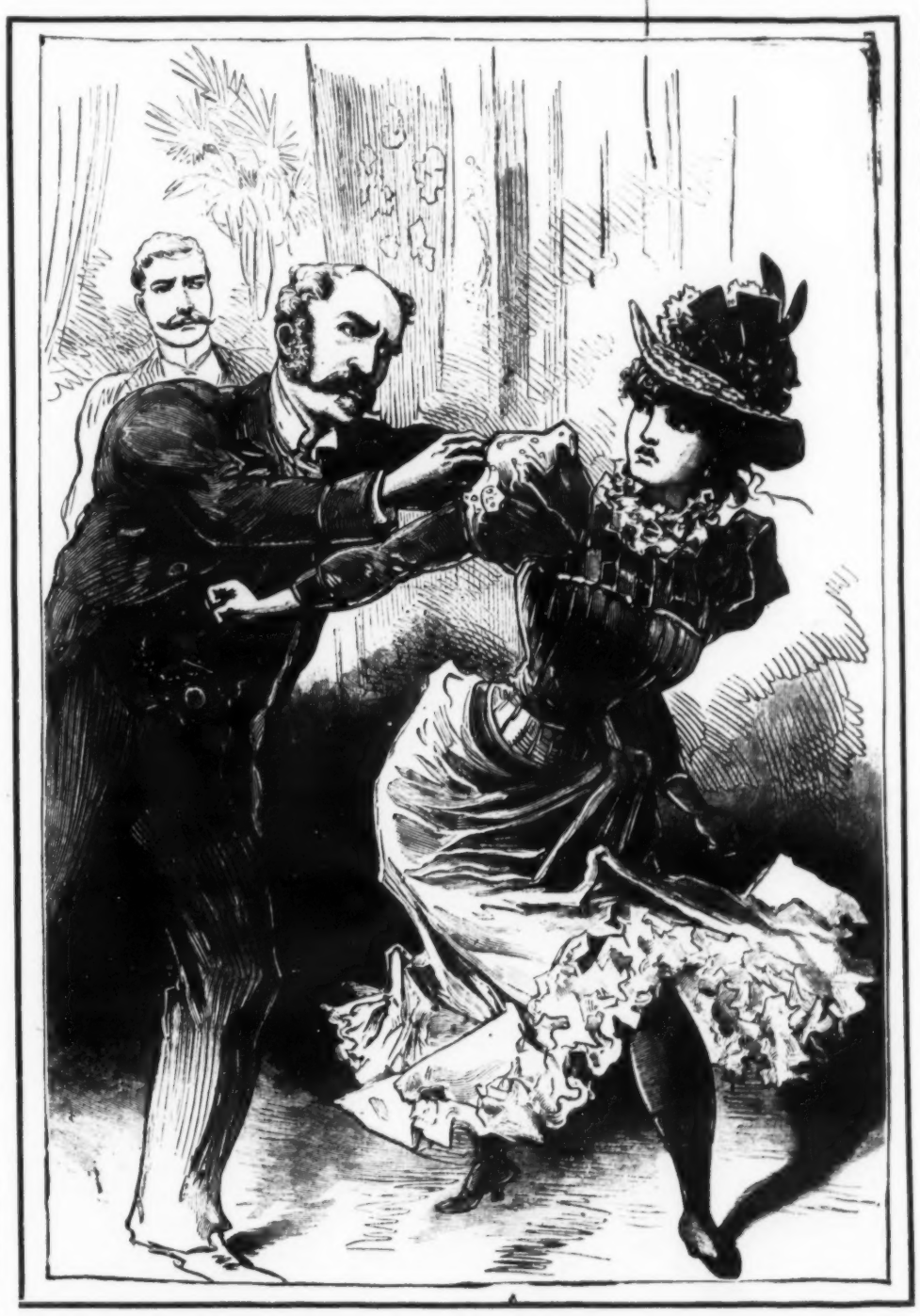
"Then why don't you go and pick out some woman whom you like and who likes you, and marry her and have it over with. Your time for being a gay sport has passed; leave that to the young fellows."

Daintily she reddened his nails with the rouge, doing them as carefully as if they were works of art, and tapping each one gently in order to get just the right amount of color.

"I don't think," she went on, "that you quite know what you've been up against. You may have heard the old saying, 'a burnt child dreads the fire,' well, I'm the child in this case, although I'm no child in years. As I told you before I've been here a week, and it's a a great relief to me to be working, for I've been on one of those little trips you were just talking about, and there is nothing to it. You see," then she glanced up quickly, "perhaps you don't want to hear this."

"That's all right, go ahead, you can't hurt my feelings."

"I was told that I was a good fellow and a nice girl, and I was led to believe that I could have anything in the world that I wanted, and I want to tell you right here that it is a beautiful thing to believe and have faith in anyone. Some of the stories that men tell to women would make great reading if it was only written right, but they would be all fiction, because I don't believe a man ever told a woman the truth in his life. I'm talking from personal experience, of course. This one man, who was really old enough to be my father, talked to me about my future, and said, among other things, he would always look after me, and I was serious enough about it to believe that he would, too. Then one day he asked me if I wanted to take a little trip, and his words were so much like yours when you spoke that you startled me. Isn't it strange that the nails of your left hand take on so much higher polish than those on the right hand? I wonder why it is? There, *I'm* through, now. Fifty cents, please."



"I wasn't Arrested, but I was Put Out of the Hotel as if I were a Swindler."

"But how about the finish of that story? Did you take the trip?"

"Of course I took it."

"Make the job a dollar and tell me the rest."

"I never would have believed that I would be sitting here telling that story to a man whom I had only met once. You're not offended at the way I criticized you, are you?"

"Not at all," he answered, "go ahead and criticize me all you like. I rather like it, it's so seldom that I am criticized."

"You mean nowadays?" she asked, noting his hands.

"Yes, since I got money. Go on with the story."

"The trip was to be to Europe—first London, then Paris, and after that Berlin. He was a banker and so prominent that you would know his name at once if I were to mention it, but there is where I draw the line. I'll save him that much, anyhow. When we left he had a large bag in which he seemed to take an especial interest, for he would allow no one to touch it but himself, and it wasn't until we were half way across that I found out that it was full of money."

"Money," queried the man with the black mustache, sitting bolt upright in his chair.

"Yes, money. That's what I said, wasn't it?" she asked petulantly. "Brand new greenbacks, pound notes, hundred and thousand franc notes. Oh, they were beautiful to look at, and I counted over the packages because they were so pretty. You see, he said he was going over to put through a big banking deal, and he cautioned me to say nothing about all the money he had with him, for fear he would be robbed. When we arrived in London we went direct to the Cecil, where he registered under an assumed name, but I was down on the book as his wife, just the same, and he told me to go out and get some clothes and anything I wanted. He said he wanted to have some of the big bills changed and that was the easiest way in the world to have it done, but he asked me to bring all the change to him, and to pay for every separate article with one of the new bills. I thought it was rather queer at the time, but I did as he told me and I never in my life had such a good time buying things. I brought back to the hotel a dreadful amount of change, so much that it was a nuisance.

"Every day it was the same thing over again until I honestly grew tired of spending money. Think of that—tired spending. Before we left for Paris he put over $15,000 of the change in a safe deposit vault that only he and I knew about, because something had happened and he had to get to Paris quickly. When we got there we went the Grand Hotel, where he registered under still another name. Again I went shopping, and the only hard part of it was that I had a new bill to change every time I bought anything, think of that, even if it was a little lunch in a cafe, and many a time I have had to wait while they sent out for the change of a thousand franc note. We were there just four days when one afternoon two men came to our rooms with the proprietor or manager of the hotel, and the first thing I knew he was arrested on the charge of making or having counterfeit money or something like that. Before they got him out of the room he whispered to me that he had put $15,000 more in a safe deposit vault in Paris, and he told me the name of the place. He said it was in my name, too.

"I wasn't arrested, but I was put out of the hotel as if I had been a swindler. I had enough money to get home, and so I came. I don't want any more excitement in mine, and I'm content to get along the best way I can, without any fireworks or trips of any kind, unless, of course, *I'm* sure that everything is absolutely correct and all right. Suppose I had been broke, what would I have done alone in Paris?"

"What happened to the man?" he asked, ignoring her question.

"He was tried and sentenced to twenty years imprisonment, and if he had only married me, and I had my marriage certificate I could go over there and get $30,000 as easy as nothing. I don't care so very much for it, but still it would come in very handy and I wouldn't mind dividing it up with anyone who could help me out."

The man fidgeted in his chair, glanced out of the window and then took a long pull at his cigar.

"Bored you, didn't it?" asked the girl. "I knew it would, but you insisted on my telling it, and you're the only one that knows it. I'm really getting garrulous."

"Do you think $5,000 would be enough to get the papers fixed up?"

"Oh, yes, that would be quite enough, for I inquired about it. It would take me there and back again and pay all expenses."

"And you'd give up half?"

"Why, of course I would. Who wouldn't?"

You know the old saying about a sucker being born every minute. I could go on and make the usual hot finish to this story, but what's the use when two lines will suffice. She got the money, of course, and he got what is known in the language of the Line as the lemon. Very sour it was for this hard, wise fellow, and they say that now every time he passes a manicure parlor he turns his head the other way and says things which wouldn't look well in print.

Ike Swift.

AN EXPERT POKER PLAYER

Who sits in a game will always bring home the money. You can do the same thing if you will get a copy of Poker; How to Win. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra.

DID YOU EVER SEE

A nice pink-cheeked boy who looked like a stick of peppermint candy? One of the kind who never really grows old and who is his mother's particular pride? He was born to be an ornament, like a piece of bric-a-brac that is put on the parlor mantel and dusted carefully every day or so. Ike Swift will introduce you to one next week and give you a chapter out of his life. It's a pretty good sort of a story because it deals with facts, and the fellow he writes about is not a creature of the imagination, but the real thing, as is also the girl in the case, who is Mrs. Pink-cheeked-boy. Don't miss it.

FOR SUMMER EXERCISE...CLUB SWINGING BY THE AMERICAN AND AUSTRALIAN CHAMPIONS...SIX 2-CENT STAMPS

LULU BEESON, A CHAMPION DANCER.

MARY BAKER, IN "M'FADDEN'S FLATS."

THE GIRL WITH THE RED DOMINO.

MARION SMART, OF GUS HILL'S "SMART SET" COMPANY.

STELLA MARTINE, PRETTY, SOULFUL AND TALENTED.

FROM THE GARDEN OF THE STAGE.

THEATRICAL DAISIES WHO ARE KNOWN WHEREVER THE FLICKERING FOOTLIGHTS SHINE.

JACK.

45-POUND BULL TERRIER OWNED BY FRANK BARTZEN, CHICAGO, ILL.

PETE.

AN UNDEFEATED PIT GAME OWNED BY C. B. FERRELL, OF RENO, NEV.

ROWDY.

E. RILEY'S 50-POUND BULL OF MILWAUKEE, WIS., WHO CAN FIGHT.

NICK NICKOLSON.

CLEVER MUSICAL ARTIST AND TALENTED PERFORMER OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

FRANK SHEEHAN.

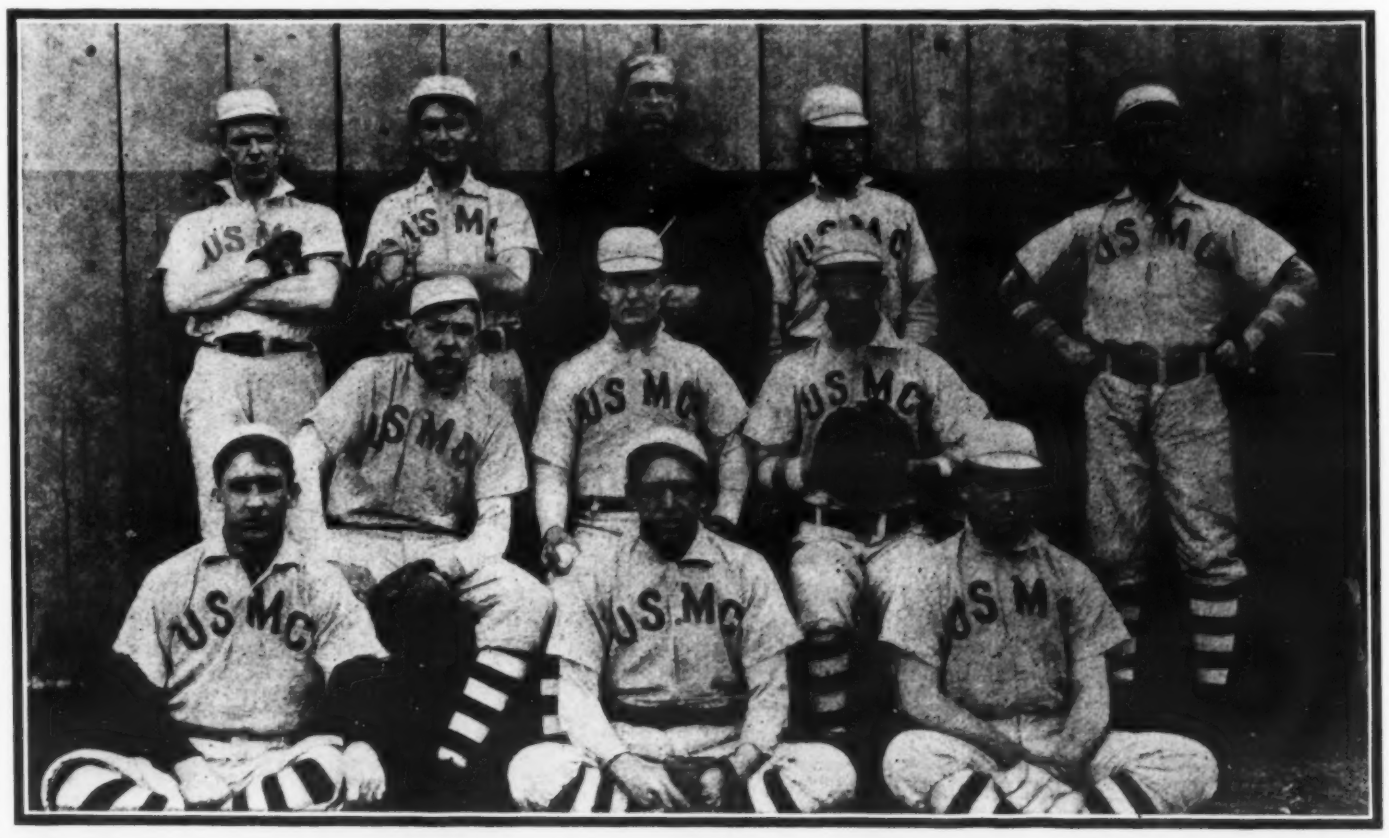
BOXER OF THE NEW POLO A. C., NEW YORK.

DAVID SHINTON.

SPORT OF CATASAUQUA, PA., AND NELLIE, HIS FAMOUS THOROUGHBRED BULL TERRIER.

FRITZ.

THE MASCOT OF COMPANY K. 23d INFANTRY, PHILIPPINES.



UNCLE SAM'S BASEBALL PLAYERS.

THE UNITED STATES MARINE TEAM, NOW STATIONED AT BREMERTON, WASH., WHO PUT UP A GREAT GAME ON THE DIAMOND.

CHAMPION FRANK GOTCH

IS HOT ON THE TRAIL OF

CHAMPION HACKENSCHMIDT

The American is Now Entitled to a Match Which Would Decisively Settle the World's Supremacy.

IT OUGHT TO PROVE A VERY INTERESTING BOUT

But it Will Undoubtedly be a Difficult Matter to Get the World Renowned Russian to Meet Him on the Mat.

Frank Gotch's challenge to George Hackenschmidt, the Russian Lion, for the world's championship at catch-as-catch-can wrestling, publicly renewed promptly, when the Western athlete regained prominence as the leader on the American mat, has attracted a great deal of attention throughout the sporting fraternities of two continents, and the experts have been busy speculating on the prospects of the two cracks, should they ever come together. As a matter of fact, many have not yet ceased to wonder why Hackenschmidt, on the occasion of his last visit to America, did not take on the Iowan. It will be remembered that on that occasion a $5,000 purse was offered for a match between the two in New York. Gotch agreed to give Hackenschmidt $3,000 of it to step on the mat, and yet the Russian did not accept. His excuse, that he did not care to do any more wrestling here, scarcely held good, as he continued to make minor engagements at various points in the States and Canada after the offer. Many critics at the time declared that Hackenschmidt had not been well tried out by a leading catch-as-catch-can expert, and they have not changed their views since Hack's second defeat of the Turk, Madrali, who, after all, appears to be a poor specimen of the land which sent out such men as Yousouf and Nouroulah.

Gotch's challenge for one thing served to bring out more fully than ever the bitter jealousy which exists between the Western boy and Tom Jenkins, who, before the advent of Gotch, had little opposition to the claim of prominence at the top of the American wrestling ladder. After his Kansas City defeat, Jenkins scoffed at Gotch's challenge to Hackenschmidt. "The Russian Lion will kill him," said Tom.

And yet, a glance at the wrestling dope proves that little weight can be attached to the opinion of the Forest City man. For instance, Hackenschmidt took a long time to defeat Jenkins at Greco-Roman in England and 53 minutes to win two falls at catch-as-catch-can in New York. Yet Gotch has put Tom down for two falls in much quicker time than Hack and once won a 48-second fall from the Cleveland man in his home town, in 1905. In fact, there is nothing to dispute the assertion that if there is a man in America capable of defending the honors of the country against Hackenschmidt, Gotch is the man. But for an accident—his untimely illness on the eve of Hack's arrival last year—he would have been the opponent of the great Russian in the metropolis instead of Jenkins.

Gotch's work on the mat this closing season has been frequently commented upon in the sporting press as the most remarkable ever undertaken by any athlete who ever aspired to prominence in this branch of professional sport. Whistler, Acton, Lewis, McLeod, Burns, none of the great men of these or other times, has approached the record of the Iowan, who from the moment of his start in Buffalo last November did not stop going until he capped the climax with the defeat of Jenkins in Kansas City a few weeks ago. North, South, East and West, Canada and America, covering thousands of miles of territory, and wrestling an average of over three matches a week, this great natural athlete encountered the best men that could be secured by the land's promoters and failed to have a single defeat recorded against him. From the time of his downfall at the hands of Jenkins in Madison Square Garden just a year ago, until the other day, when he turned the tables on the same man, Gotch's course has been one of unbroken victory.

It has taken more than physical ability to accomplish such a record. Moral courage of a high quality has been needed, as anyone familiar with the wrestling game will appreciate. In wrestling the in-and-outer is more familiar to the public than the consistent performer, consequently Gotch's work has stood out with great prominence, to his everlasting credit as an athlete.

When defeated a year ago in New York Gotch swallowed a bitter pill.

"This is awful," said he. "I can scarcely look my Western friends in the face. But it has not shaken my determination to wrestle to win. I will never take the mat except with the hope and desire for victory, and when the time comes that I have to lose to continue wrestling I shall take off my tights forever."

And Gotch has lived up to that slogan. A glance at the Iowa boy's Jenkins matches will indicate the sincerity of his movements, and will also substantiate the statement that the experts have almost invariably picked him as the real American champion, whether in defeat or victory. When Gotch wrestled Jenkins in Bellingham, Wash., in 1904, he was a favorite and he won. At Cleveland in 1905 he was a very pronounced favorite and he won. When he first met Jenkins in New York, the same year, he was a prohibitive favorite, and lost. In his following match two months later in the same city, he was a prohibitive favorite, but again lost. At Kansas City he was an overwhelming favorite and won. None can say that Gotch has lost for gain, and the very fact that even his losing matches have been attended with little betting has been the Gibraltar upon which the splendid reputation of the man has been built. There may be men abroad who have worked out records of equal value, but in America Gotch's reputation has become one of admiration and envy among professional athletes.

When Gotch defeated Jenkins in Kansas City some of the first words he said were: "Now I can hold my head up again amongst my friends, in Buffalo, Minneapolis, Iowa and Kansas City, all through the West where my friends were at a loss to explain my defeats by Jenkins a year ago. The loss of the championship hurt me, but not so much as the fear that I had somehow forfeited the respect of my friends."

But eager as Gotch is to take a crack at the Russian Lion his way promises to be beset with difficulties. It is something to say that one is willing and ready to wrestle Hackenschmidt and it is something more to get a match. Since his return to England a year ago Hack has been beset by challenges, but has steadily refused to accept matches, except with the Turk, Madrali, who had previously been defeated by the Russian. Gotch has declared that should Hackenschmidt not make good his promise to return to America and wrestle him, he will cross to England and go after the Lion in his den. But he would likely encounter a stony reception in that event.

One friend of Gotch wrote to him recently from London as follows:

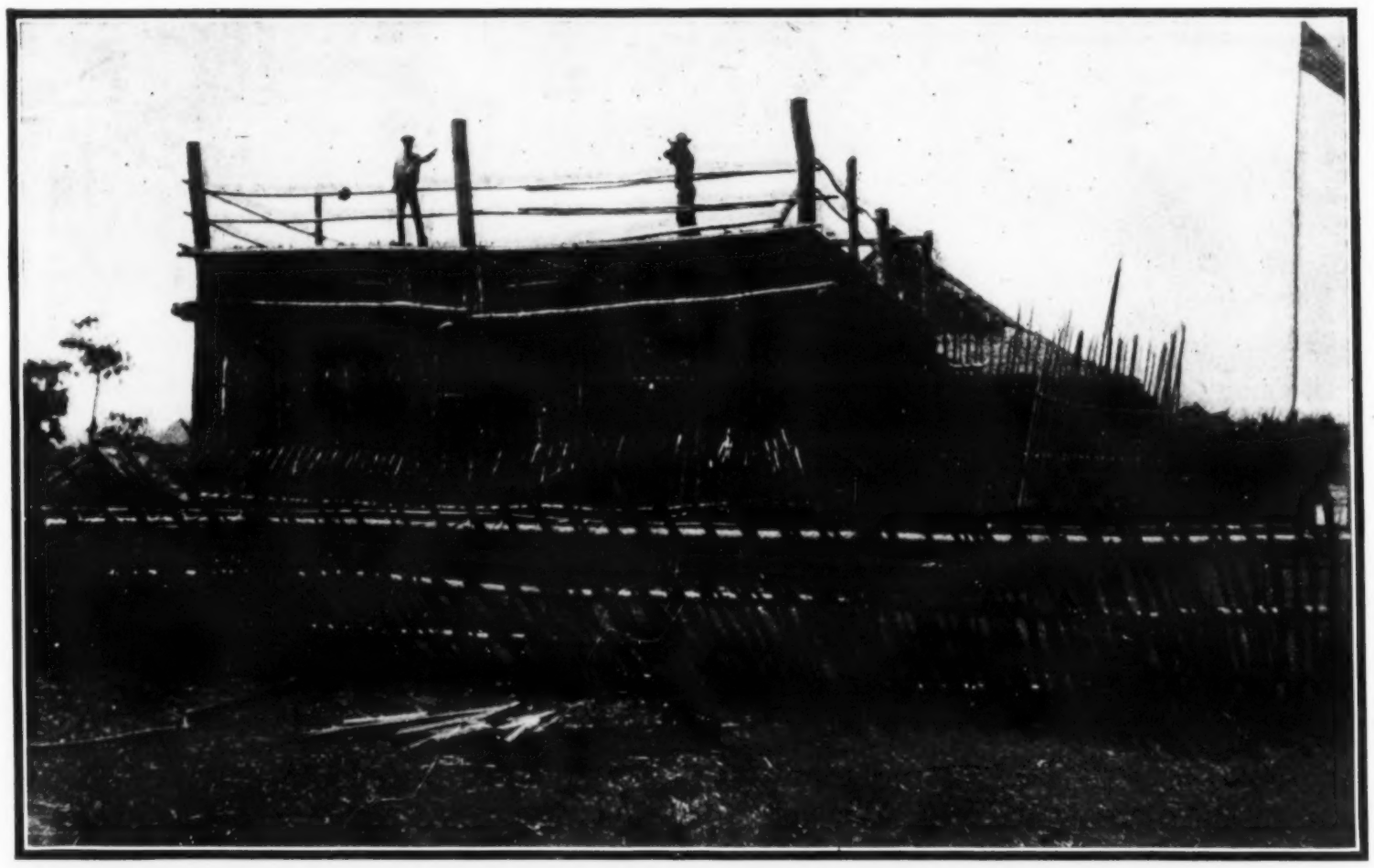
"Notwithstanding your performances in America, butting in here will be most difficult, and unless you can come over prepared to fiddle around for a while, not expecting very much, the trip may not be worth while, except from a pleasure viewpoint. Hack, who is on top of the tree, with the other wrestlers, maintains a very close corporation against outsiders. Any efforts on the part of a dangerous looking man to get next are sternly discouraged.

"Hack, especially, can dictate his own terms and can refuse a match with practically any one without losing caste. Theatre work, in order to become known, is essential. Not until a wrestler has shown what he can do with the lesser ones will any of the leaders give him a second look, challenge as much as he likes.

"As an example of the difficulties to be encountered, there is Lurich. A splendid specimen of a wrestler, who came to England with an unusual continental record, made by spectacular performances in Hamburg and a lot of other places. He had backing and for months tried to get on a match with George. Among the numerous offers he made was one to throw Hack four times in an hour or forfeit $500 and all the gate. Hack told him frankly that he would not give him a match, and eventually Lurich was frozen out. He wrestled in one of the minor preliminaries at the Albert Hall, when Hack beat Jenkins."

Gotch's friend continues to say that the match between Hack and Madrali was brought on by sheer force of public opinion. "Madrali claimed that he was entitled to another go and sentiment supported him to such an extent that Hack began to fear that his music hall work would suffer if he didn't meet the Turk. To the last the affair was 'wropt in mystery.' Very little advertising was done, and the newspaper men couldn't get hold of anything until about two days beforehand. Some wise ones were predicting that the match would fall through, just as it did, last December, when Hack was reported to be ill, just before the date."

All Gotch had to say when he read this was: "Well, put me on the mat with Hack and I'll bet he'll be tried out catch-as-catch-can. He may beat me in a minute; he may not. But, short or long, he'll have one of the greatest battles of his life."



PHILIPPINE PROTECTION.

The Fortification at Tagabiron, Samar, with its Formidable Barricade of Poisoned Spears. Sent to the Police Gazette by Charles Montague of Company C, 21st Infantry, Camp Connell, Samar, P. I.

GET IN WITH THE CROWD.

Read Ike Swift's stories, GLIMPSES OF GOTHAM, published in this paper every week. They are the sensation of the country. It is a good idea to subscribe, $1 will bring it to your door thirteen weeks.

THE GREATEST PAPER.

SHEPARD'S HOTEL,
J. S. Shepard, Prop.
COLLEGEVILLE, PA., May 23, 1906.

MR. RICHARD K. FOX—*Dear Sir:* **As I have been a subscriber for a long time, and quit because I was out of business and also traveling, now I am back in the business again and I wish to have the greatest paper ever printed, the POLICE GAZETTE,** for which please find enclosed $2.00 for six months subscription. J. S. SHEPARD.

["The Police Gazette Sporting Annual" is mailed for six two-cent stamps, and the Baseball Book, by John J. McGraw, is sent on receipt of seven two-cent stamps.]

A CORRECTION.

In a recent issue of the POLICE GAZETTE there appeared the reproduction of a photograph purporting to be of Mr. Rodney M. Reahome. It was sent by Hugh McVeigh, of Haverstraw, N. Y. Mr. Reahome, who is janitor of the Bank of Haverstraw, writes to say that the man who posed for the picture is Michael Donaldson, and he desires this correction made, which is cheerfully done. Mr. Reahome is a very estimable man who is very well thought of in the community in which he has made his home.

• BASEBALL NOTES •

Tom Needham keeps right on catching good ball.

Herman Long, formerly with the Boston Nationals, has signed with Omaha.

Ralph Glaze has an iron-bound contract with the Boston club for two years.

Washington has found a rare player in Altizer, who has broken into the big game in splendid style.

Should the Chicago Nationals be able to maintain their present gait it most certainly will be the rag for theirs.

Professionals and amateurs alike should possess a copy of McGraw's Baseball Book, its equal cannot be bought at any price—see page 11.

St. Louis Americans won their No. 1 game from the Yankees on June 5, and it was a genuine old-time slugging match, St. Louis getting 15 hits and the New Yorks 13.

There is not enough batting strength in the Philadelphia Nationals as it now stands to make it a championship possibility, but they are putting up an ideal article of ball in the field.

It is about time some major league team had a mortgage on Shortstop Wagner of the Newark team—it looks as though he may duplicate his namesake in the Pittsburg Nationals.

Clark Griffith will certainly land the coveted pennant if his clan of Highlanders only keep on swatting as neatly as they have been doing for the past month—try it "Foxy," it's worth while.

If Brown, of Chicago, had four fingers on his right hand he perhaps would not be nearly so good a pitcher as he is now with only three fingers. It's an ill amputation that hasn't some redeeming features.

The Boston Americans are figuring on whether they are going to win twenty straight after losing that many. There is no guessing about this in the minds of those who have seen the former champions play.

Manager Dunn of the Providence Eastern league team has released Catcher Beckendorf, who came not long ago from the Hudson River league.

Herman Long has been released by the Toronto club. The veteran could not get into playing form. He has returned to his home in Chicago.

Donovan's bunch of Trolleyites are now beginning to work as though they were the real representatives of the once champion Brooklyns—keep 'em agoing, Patsy.

In Philadelphia, Frank Sparks, of the Quakers, is adjudged the most gentlemanly ball player in the land. Lave Cross, of Washington, had some supporters for the position.

Garry Herrmann is out on a wild hunt for pitchers for his Cincinnati club. He let two pretty good ones go in Druhot and Dorner. Probably they don't know a good pitcher when they see one in Cincinnati.

Pitcher Brown, of the Chicago Nationals, had the pleasure of shutting out the New York Giants in their first game at the Polo Grounds, and let them down with only three hits—a sad event for a home comer.

Hughey Jennings was the other day fined by President Taylor for using language to the umpire that was too strenuous.

Catcher Tom Doran, one of the Detroit baseball club's extra men, was sold the other day to the Toronto Eastern League team.

Mike Donlin, of the Giants, is around on crutches, and it will be some time before he can play. The loss of his services is felt seriously.

Fred Clark and his band of Pirates are well up in the running so far—don't be surprised to see them "hauling the booty" before long.

Clubs under the national agreement will have nothing to do with outlaw players unless considered the property by reserve of some club in the organization.

Bill Dahlen made two one-hand hair-raising stops in the game on June 5, that would have done him credit had he the wings of an eagle—but it made no difference in the ultimate result of the game.

Jimmy Sheckard received a rousing re-ception the first time at bat in a Chicago uniform at New York, and he promptly knocked the ball down the first base line for two sacks—it's nice to be encouraged.

THE ONLY BASEBALL BOOK

Worth your consideration is published by Richard K. Fox, and is written by John J. McGraw, Manager-Captain of the World's Champions. Seven 2c. stamps brings it to you. Richard K. Fox, Franklin Sq., New York.

POKER, HOW TO WIN...YOU CANNOT PLAY SUCCESSFULLY WITHOUT IT...SIX 2c. STAMPS BRINGS IT TO YOUR DOOR

IN THE BOXING RING

—REMINISCENCES OF THE OLD-TIMERS—

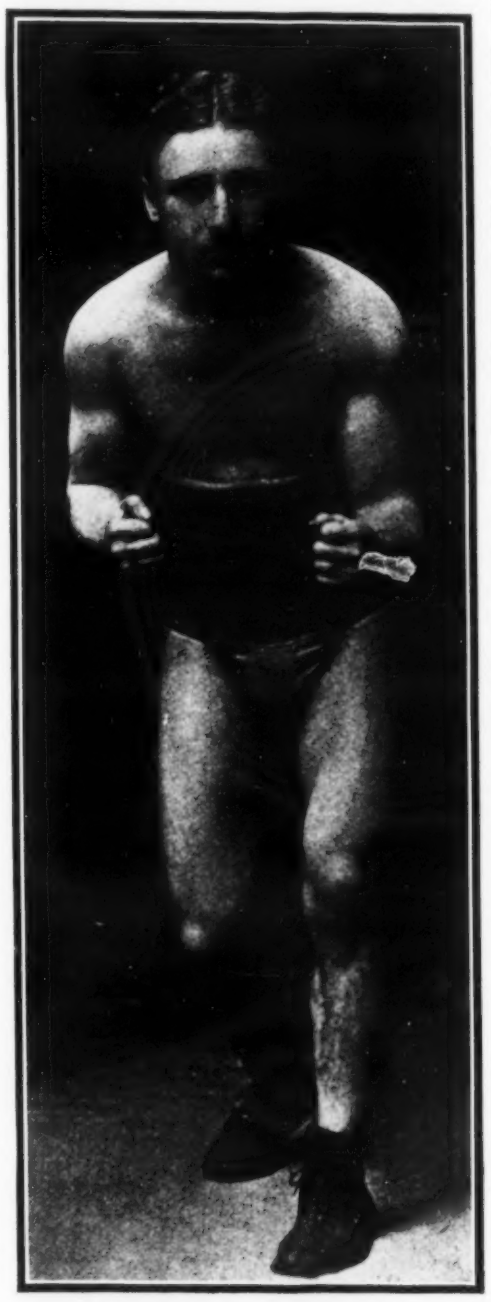
NEWS OF THE BOXERS

Few of the Shining Lights of Pugilism Know How to Hold Their Hard Earned Money.

SPENDTHRIFT FIGHTERS WHO WERE VERY POPULAR

Jack Blackburn Shows Up Well, But Few of the Top-notchers Are Working Just Now---Look Over the Challenges.

The average fighter has no idea of the value of money—cannot stand prosperity. Almost from the first prize fight the tendency among scrappers to get rid of their earnings has prevailed. Yankee Sullivan



BENNY FRANKLIN.

Clever 115-pound Boxer of Baltimore, Md., who Earned an Enviable Reputation in New York.

was the biggest spendthrift of the fighters of half a century ago. His right name was Frank A. Murray, and he was a topnotcher. He beat everything that was put up against him for awhile, and a good while at that, until he met Tom Hyer, and Tom took his measure. Then he stacked up against John Morrissey, and John trimmed him, too. He was down and out, and he went West. He landed in California somewhere in the '50s, and the records show that he ran across the vigilantes who were dealing out law and order in 'Frisco about that time. They figured him out for a bad man and he went to jail for awhile. While he was there it was doped out that he was mixed up with a gang of burglars that were pretty busy there and while there wasn't a shred of evidence against him, the vigilantes arranged to execute him. He was murdered in his cell, but he put up a game fight just the same. He hadn't a penny when he passed over the divide.

Everybody remembers John P. Clow, who was shot through the heart by a policeman at Denver in 1900. When they went through the dead man they found fifteen cents, and that was everything he had in the world, but his clothes, and yet he had cleaned up a good bit of money in his day.

There was John Morrissey, who gathered up more money than any other fighter of his time, not even excepting John L. Sullivan, and he died with 45 cents in actual cash on him. After Heenan put him down and out he went into the gambling game and opened up somewhere on Broadway in New York. It has been said on good authority that at one time Morrissey was worth $2,500,000, and that he was steered by old Commodore Vanderbilt in some big real estate deals. After the Commodore passed away Morrissey hit the toboggan and passed on to join the rest.

It's a fact, too, that his widow went to work in a collar factory in Troy, N. Y., and worked for years for a dollar a day. They tell a lot of stories about Morrissey, and it has been said that he gave his wife $300,000 worth of diamonds, and that she used to like to wear them all at once. Of course, it's history that Morrissey became a State Senator of New York, and later a Congressman, but it didn't make his fall any softer. It was his fault, in a way, too, that Bill Poole got his death in 1885. It's a long story to go into here, but Bill got mixed up in politics, and double crossed Morrissey some way. They were going to mix it up with the bare knuckles and they were going to meet on a dock. Each man was to have two friends, but Poole showed up with 300, and the beating Morrissey got soured him for years. Of course he was going to get square, and he did it in February of the next year. A gang hopped Poole one night when he was on the Bowery and Bill was shot. He lasted nine days and he went over with the rest. It isn't necessary to mention that he had $2.50 when they looked him over.

Then there was John Gully, a crackajack English fighter. He made a pot of money, and after he left the ring got seated in Parliament, and then went in for racing and some dickering on the exchange. He began to drop his cash as if he was catching cold, and toward the end feared he was going to die in the workhouse. A lot of his old pals, however, saved him from that, though he died a pauper actually.

Ned O'Baldwin, a splendid fighter, who gave Jem Mace a whole lot of trouble to put away—come to think of it, Jem never would meet him for the world's championship, after all—was shot in the back in New York by a loafer he had fed and taken care of for years. It was the merest accident that he didn't go to potter's field. He was absolutely stone broke.

Johnny Heenan went up with a rush after he beat Tom Sayers, and it looked as if he was going to get all the money, but he didn't. He opened a gambling house on Broadway and went down with a rapid rush. When they came to bury him they had to take up a collection for him. He died out in Green River, Colo.

Of course, there are a whole lot of good men of to-day who have managed to keep a little of their money, but look at George Dixon. It's a safe bet that George drew in a quarter of a million, but how much of it has he got now? With George it was just the colored man's love for high living. He couldn't seem to make money stick to him anyway he got it. He bought everything in sight and was a good fellow all the time.

No one can figure just how much John L. Sullivan made during his lifetime, and it's not doing John a wrong to mention that he's no millionaire now. Poor old Jack Dempsey died with but mighty little coin in his possession, and he gave that to his wife. Jake Kilrain made a lot of money in his day, but where did it go?

PRIVATE HOMER E. BAXTER.

Bill, the Troop Mascot, and Black Hawk, the T.C.'s Horse. Baxter of Troop D, First Cavalry, Fort Clark, Texas, is the Champion Dining Room Orderly of the Army.

BLACKBURN WON.

Jack Blackburn defeated Kid Wilson, of Orange, N. J., in a six-round bout at the Broadway A. C., Philadelphia, on June 7. Blackburn did not have it all his own way, for Wilson proved a tough customer, and he made Blackburn hustle every inch of the way. Blackburn had the advantage in height and reach, but there was little difference in the weight, as Wilson is a stocky-built chap. The Philadelphia boxer had all the best of the first round. He jabbed Wilson repeatedly, and at end of the round Wilson was bleeding from the nose. In the second and third rounds things were about the same. In the fourth round Wilson pulled himself together and catching Blackburn on the point of the jaw, dropped him to the mat. Jack was up quickly and a few seconds later he put Wilson down. Wilson boxed hard in the fifth and made Blackburn use all his cleverness. In the sixth round they mixed it up fiercely and went at it hammer and tongs. Blackburn dropped Wilson twice, but the Kid would not stay down, and was up quick and soon was fighting back as hard as he could. They were at it hard when the bell rang.

After the bout Wilson claimed that six rounds was too short a distance for him against Blackburn owing to the latter's cleverness, but he believed he could beat Blackburn in a long contest.

In the semi-windup Buck Lincoln defeated Joe Kain in four rounds. Boxer Kelly defeated Young Lancey in three rounds. Kid Ross had the best of a six-round bout with Young Carter. Jack Kain defeated Kid Selb in three rounds. Peter Lowrie defeated Jimmy Wilson in four rounds.

If you don't read Ike Swift's story every week you miss the "cream." See page 3.

WILLIAM J. SHERRING.

[WITH SUPPLEMENT.]

William J. Sherring, the slim little man from Hamilton, Ont., whose mother trained him so well that he won the Marathon race at the Olympian games in Greece, is not at all a large man, but has a splendid pair of legs, hardened by much distance running in his native town, where all the boys are distance runners. He is about 26 years old and looks no more. He ascribes to his mother's careful watch over his food and her directions as to what to do his success in the biggest distance race of the year.

Awaiting Sherring in Canada were all sorts of honors. He had the promise of $10,000, a home worth as much more and a Government job. Despite everything that he was offered, Sherring is a modest lad and did not seem at all fussed up over his victory. He will receive later the marble statue that is the real prize for the big race, which was a little too big to bring along with him.

In the race from Marathon to Athens Sherring beat Swamburg, of Sweden, by a big margin. The time was 2 hours, 51 minutes and 23 3-5 seconds. Swamburg was nearly eight minutes behind.

"I was half a mile behind Daly of Ireland and Blake of Australia when the ten mile mark was reached," said Sherring. "They had been setting a good pace, but at the twelve mile mark I caught them. When I reached sixteen miles they were a mile behind me. Men on horseback followed us all the way to offer us water. It was a hot day, the thermometer registering 80 degrees. I took only two drinks of water during the race. Among the fifty-eight starters were thirty Greeks. They dashed away at top speed at the start, but I had learned a lesson from other races I have been in. The native sons could not stand their own climate. They ran the first six miles in 30 minutes, and the first ten in 56 minutes. I was a half mile behind them, running with Spring, the American.

"The best work I did was between the eighth and twentieth miles. Daly and Burke spurted at the fifteenth mile, but I had it out with them then and there and beat them. I jogged after the twentieth mile. My friends up home did not think much of my chance, but I just had to win. I paid my own way, and when the day of the race came I did not have enough left to pay my way back. I would have had to walk back if I had not won. When I finished a lot of women ran out on the track with the men and some insisted on kissing me. It was very embarrassing.

"I have had experience in distance running before. We have a nineteen mile road run every Thanksgiving at Hamilton. Besides, I ran second in the Boston Marathon in 1900. At Boston I was a mile ahead of every one at the eighteenth mile and fell in a faint. That taught me not to go out too fast, even though I did recover in time to get second."

CHALLENGES

[The challenge editor will be pleased to publish all legitimate challenges in all sports, such as boxing, wrestling, skating, bowling, swimming, bicycling, walking, running, jumping, etc., etc.]

In a letter to the sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE from La Grange, Ill., Joe Choynski, the gentlemanly veteran light-heavyweight, writes that he is doing light training, and will shortly don the

HE'S A TRAINER.

Shorty McBride of West Asbury Park, N. J., and Josephine, one of his many Fine Dogs.

mitts again. He will be seen in the East at an early date, seeking a match with either Al Kauffman, Jack O'Brien or Jack Root, whom he recently offered to meet. Joe would no doubt prove a good attraction in a bout with some of the big fellows.

Sonny Smith, of Paterson, N. J., challenges any 116-pound boxer in the East.

John Lantz, of 14 Conkling street, Pitts-burg, Pa., is a clever bag puncher, who would like a match.

Arthur Weinberg, of Chicago, and Albert Cookson, of England, challenge anyone to a roller skating contest.

Lew Burton, an adept roller skater, would like to compete with anyone at fancy skating at any of the rinks in Greater New York for a trophy.

A. J. Newman, of Crown Point, Ind., cham-pion Inter-scholastic half-miler of Lake County, with a record of 2:04, will meet any amateur in the State.

Jack Stone, a fast lightweight wrestler of Detroit, Mich., would like to meet some of the Western mat artists in his class, at catch-as-catch-can style.

George Wilson, of Troop G, Fourth Cav-alry, Malalang, Mindanao, P. I., sends a challenge on behalf of Private Jesse A. McClure, who is a trick and bareback rider.

John Piening, the well-known heavyweight wrestler, writes to the POLICE GAZETTE that he is anxious to meet John Rooney, the big Chicago grappler, in a contest to a finish.

Lew Jacobs, a crack rag-time pianist of Chicago, would like to manipulate the ivory keys with anyone in the Windy City for a trophy. He can be found at 646 No. Leavitt street, Chicago, Ill.

William Monroe, manager of Sergeant George C. Chappell, champion heavyweight boxer of the 115th Company Coast Artillery, Fort Rosecrans, Cal., challenges any heavyweight in the army.

U. Z. De Arman's clever mare, Anna Smith, won four races at Toronto. She started five times and was second in her other race, beaten through hard racing luck. Her owner will back the mare, conditions equal, against any in the country.

Harry Brown, of 211 Hudson Ave., Brook-lyn, N. Y., writes to the sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE that he is looking after the interests of Tony Straub, a lightweight boxer who has made good around New York, and would like to match him with anyone in his class.

William Schlimbaugh, president of the P. D. A., of Defiance, Ohio, declares that Fred Lawton is the fastest chicken picker in the world, having a record of 625 a day for six days. He challenges any chicken picker for from one fowl to 3,000 for a side bet for any part of $500.

Sammy Smith, considered the most scientific 130-pound boxer in the East, who has fought the best in his class, is after a match with Hock Keyes, the Australian, who made good with Young Erne and Amby McGarry. Smith will let Keyes name the weight and is not particular as to the number of rounds.

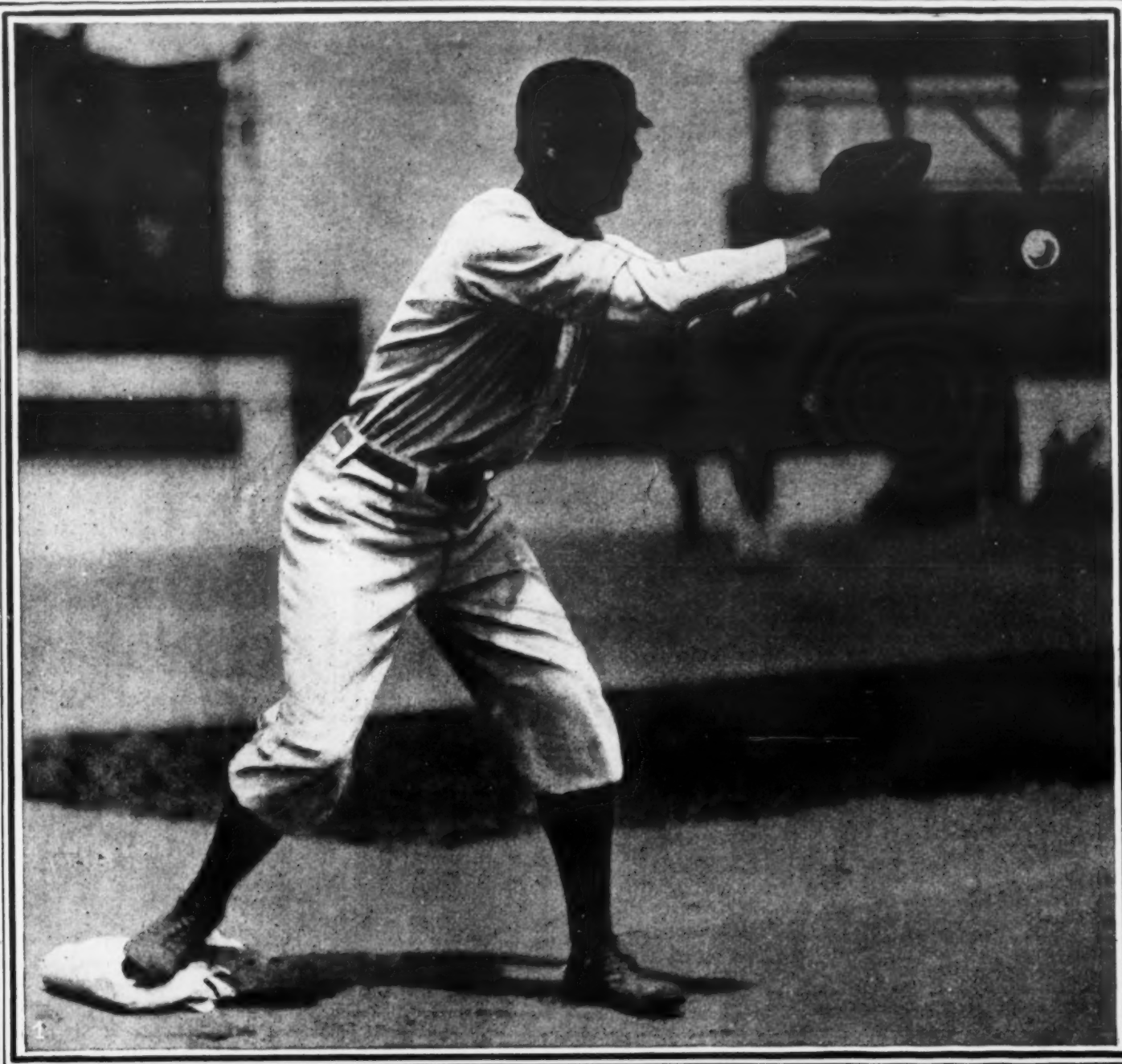
THE BEST ON THE MARKET.

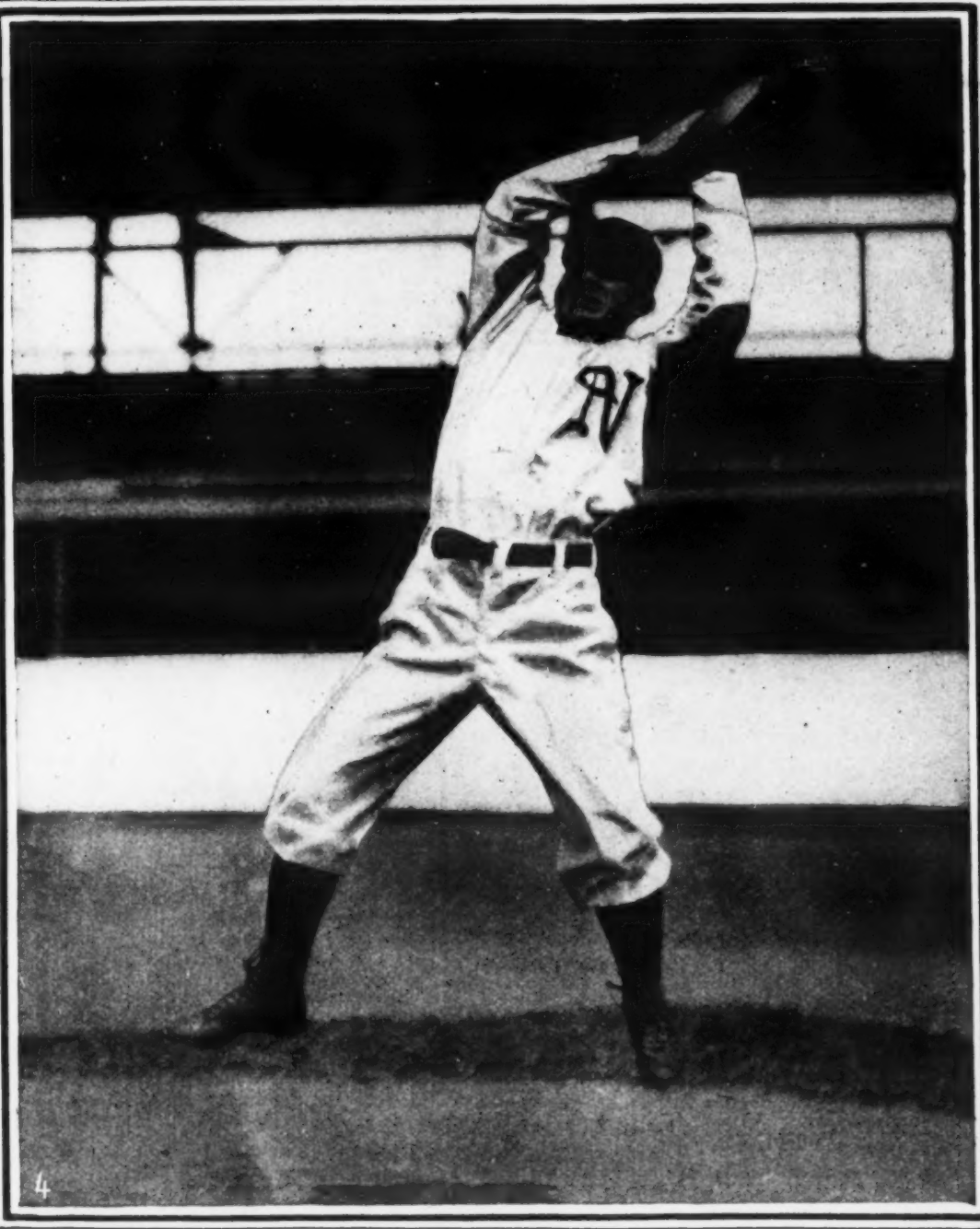
The Science of Boxing, by James J. Cor-bett. It contains 46 full-page illustrations, how to train, and a full course of lessons Price only 10 cents; postage 3 cents extra.

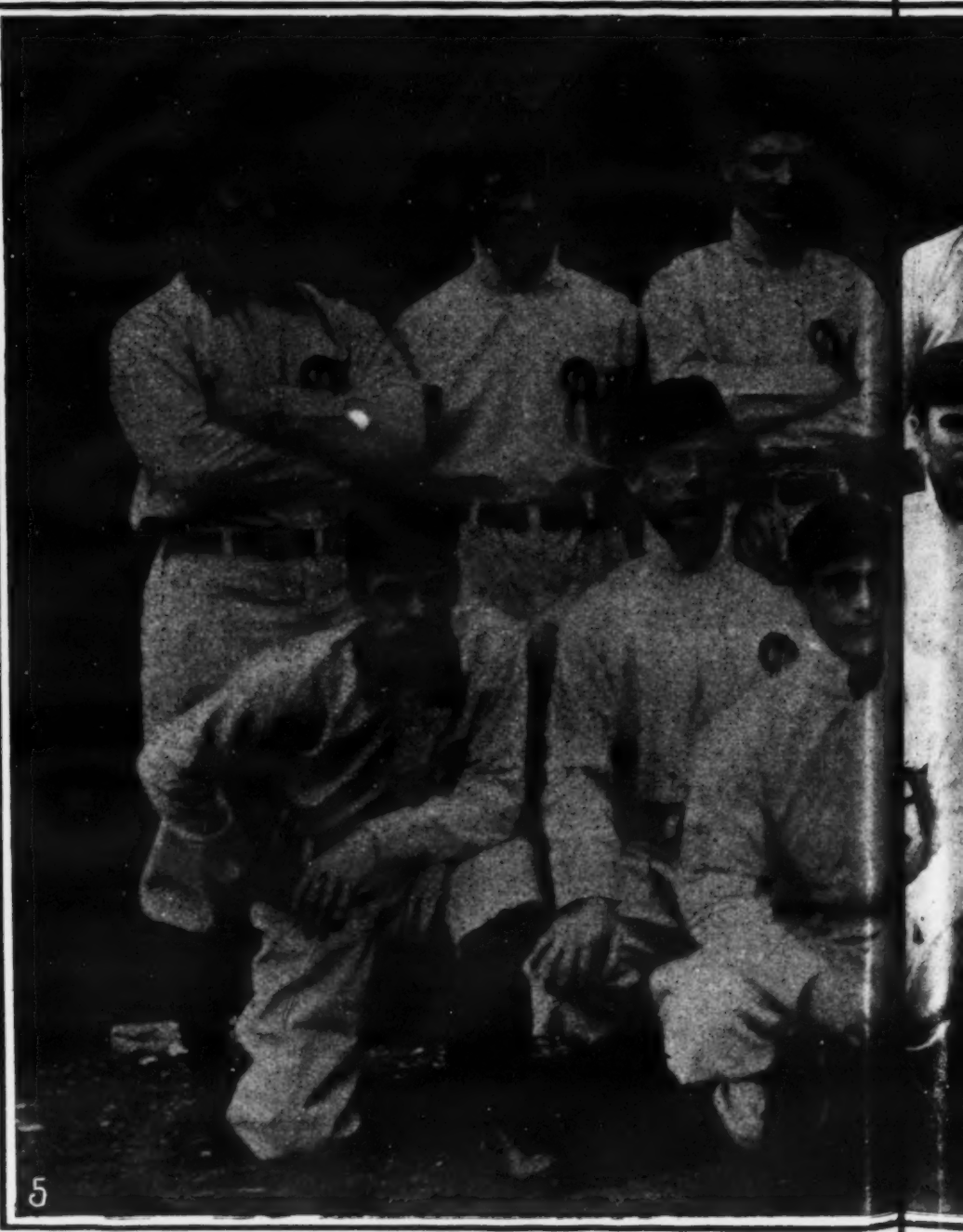
IT'S A CINCH TO WIN

When you play poker if you will study the game. Get that great little book Poker; How to Win, and look it over. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra.

THE GREATEST COMPILATION OF PUGILISTIC RECORDS PUBLISHED, "POLICE GAZETTE ANNUAL"...SIX 2c. STAMPS





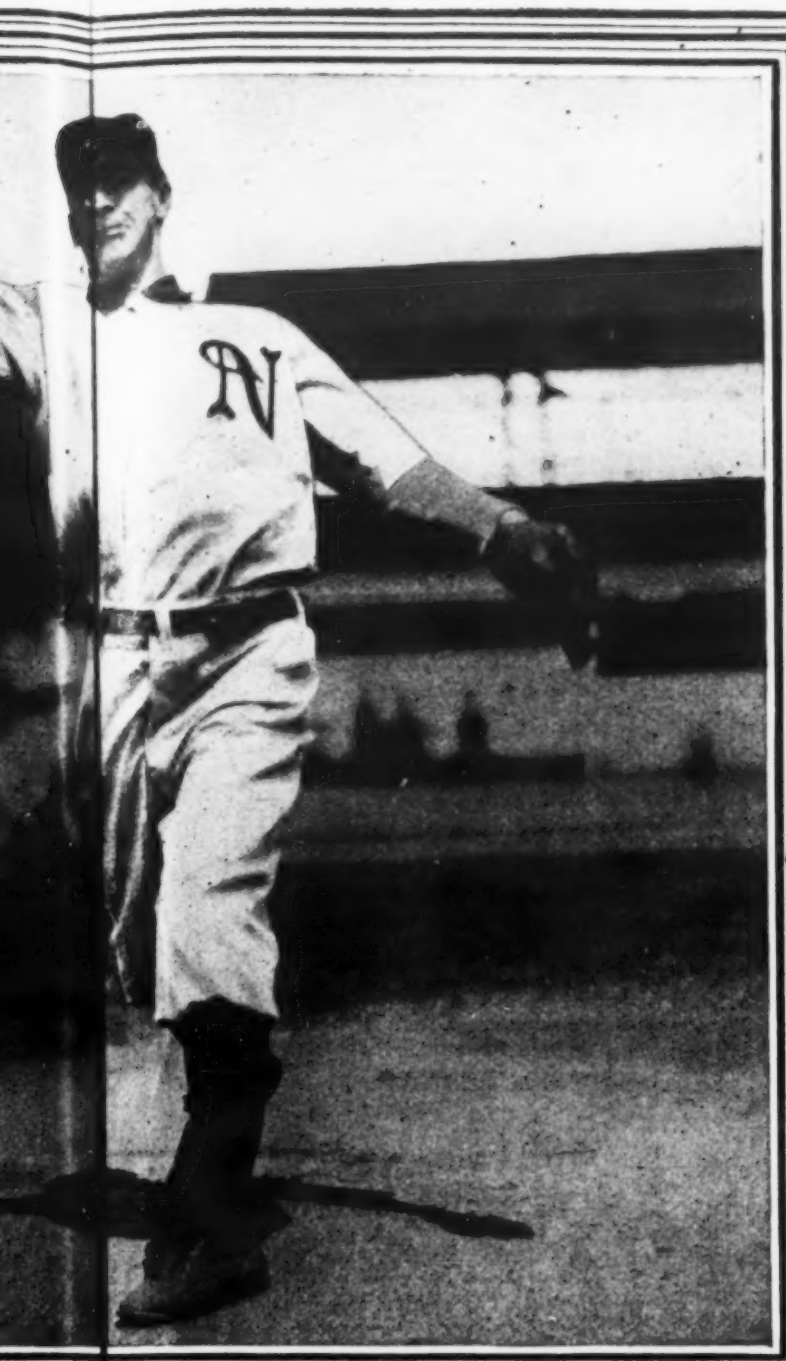


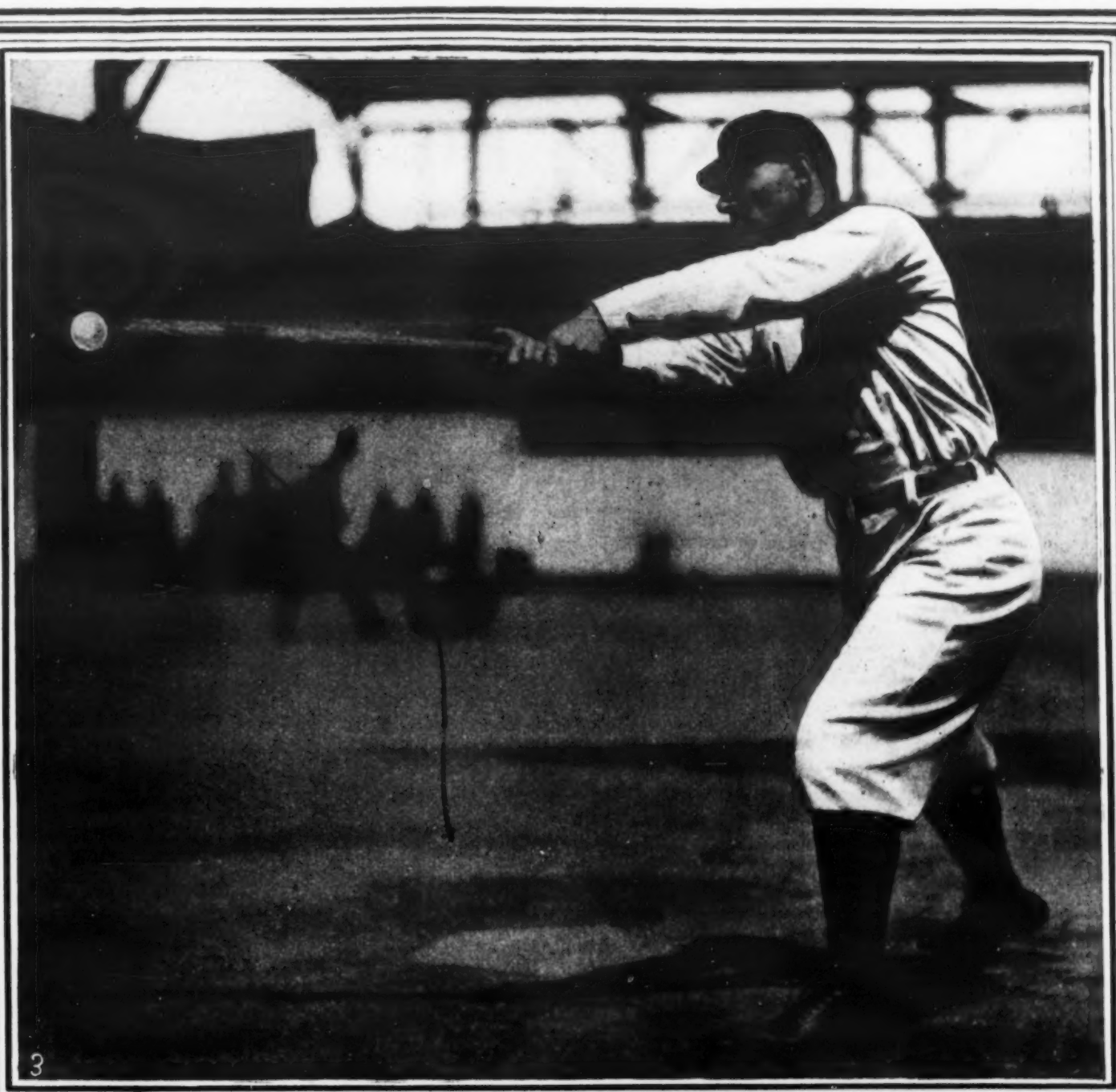
Photos by Matt Stratton: Newark, N. J.

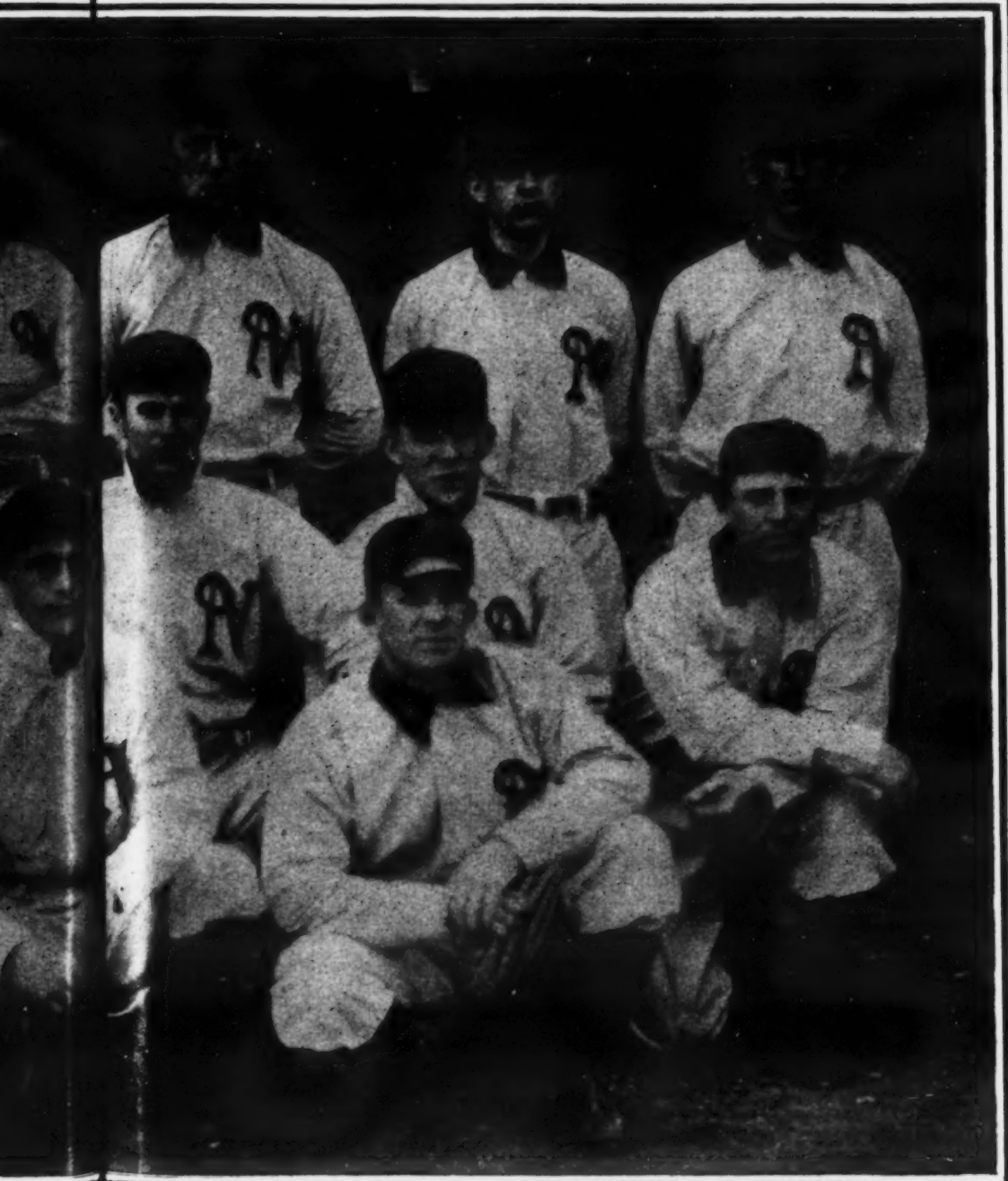
THE NEWARKS, ONE OF THE CRACK

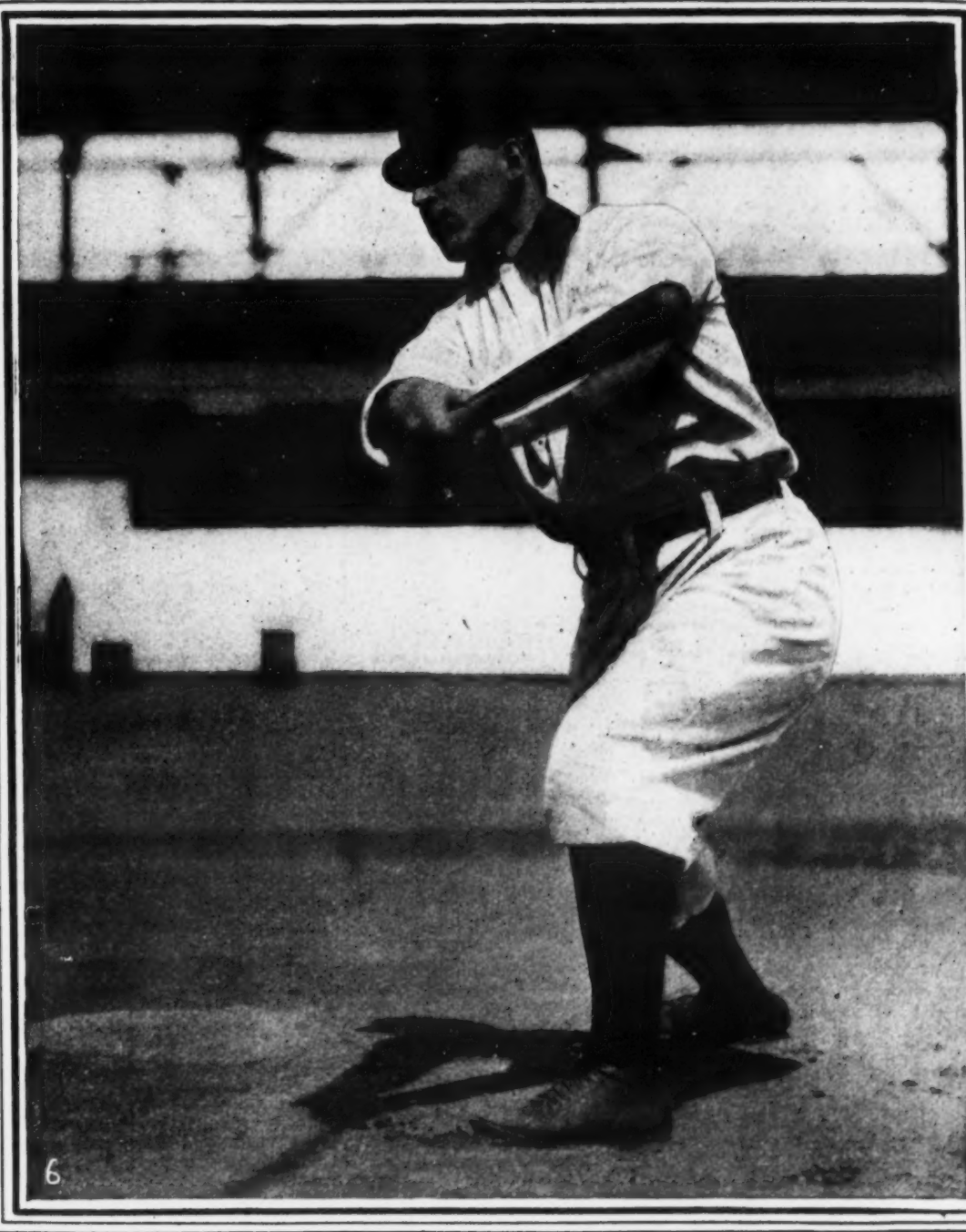
1—FIRST BASEMAN BROWN ON THE JOB. 2—M'LANE, THE GREAT FORDHAM COLLEGE TWIRLER, IN ACTION. 3—C. ON TO A HOT ONE. 5—THE TEAM: FOSTER, CARRICK, GATINS, BROWN, M'LANE, M'CAULEY, JOCKM

THE BEST BASEBALL PHOTOGRAPHS ARE









CRACK TEAMS OF THE EASTERN LEAGUE.

TION. 3—C. FOSTER KNOCKING OUT A THREE BAGGER. 4—NAP SHEA, THE STAR CATCHER OF THE LEAGUE, HOLDING
LEY, JOCKMAN, HESTERFER, MAHLING, JONES, SHEA, MALAY AND ENGLE. 6—ABOUT TO START TO FIRST.

PHS ARE PRINTED IN THE POLICE GAZETTE.

ATTELL AND NEIL TO

—MEET AT LOS ANGELES, CAL., ON JULY 4—

FIGHT FOR THE TITLE

Both Fast, Intrepid Fighters and, Barring Accidents, Will Put up one of the Greatest Battles of the Year.

CLUB MAGNATES BOW TO GOV. HIGGINS' DEMANDS

Small Talk in Pugilism---McGovern Goes Away to Train For Britt Again. Jack Blackburn Wants to Claim a Title---Gossip.

A genuine championship match is carded for Los Angeles, on July 4, when Abe Attell and Frankie Neil meet to decide possession of a championship belt, which Manager McCarey has had made, and a fat purse. The youngsters were formerly matched to fight, but the San Francisco disaster interfered, and Manager Platz and Neil went East.

Now McCarey has perfected his plans, and the lads will go into the ring at 122 pounds. McCarey says he will take no chances this time, and the men will be required to weigh before the club representatives each day for a week previous to the fight.

If this battle does not prove to be one of the best of the year I shall be greatly disappointed. Neil is aggressive and strong, and has a terrible left-hand hook to the head or body. He is naturally left-handed, and the terrific force that he can get into a left hook to the body has rattled many fighters so badly that Neil won from them easily. Johnny Regan, in his fight with Neil, was lifted almost off the floor with a left hook to the stomach. Afterwards he watched Neil's left instead of his right, and as a result fought Neil to a draw for twenty rounds. Neil, in his fight with Harry Tenny, punished him so severely with lefts to the body that Tenny died from the effects of the bout on the morning following the contest. Neil is undoubtedly at his best now. Some time ago he was out of form, but a long rest seems to have given him a great brace.

With Abe Attell, Neil will be up against the most tantalizing proposition in the ring. Attell is always within reach, but when his opponent rushes he usually finds him somewhere else.

Attell prances back as light as a feather on his feet, sending in one left after another to the face, occasionally varying his attack with a terrific right "haymaker" that will put any man of anything near his weight out—if it lands. Against a rushing fighter Attell is at his best, as it is then he gets a chance to show off his marvellous footwork. When he has to carry the fight to a man he does not do as well, as was the case when he fought Young Erne in this city.

Neil will carry the fight to Attell all right. Neil is so fast on his feet that he may be keyed up a little higher than Abe would like. Then, too, Neil's smashing left is just the thing to bring into the body if Neil can slip under Abe's left leads. Attell, however, must be given credit for defeating rushers, sluggers, clever men and men who rely on a knockout punch. Jimmy Walsh, about as good a bantamweight as there is in the world, met defeat at Attell's hands not long ago, Attell outpointing him easily for fifteen rounds, after inflicting considerable punishment and once dropping Walsh. Walsh is young, clever and fast, and has a right-hand knockout punch. Attell was his master, however. Neil is a great little fighter, but he will hardly be able to catch up with Attell. Attell in most of his fights has been up against men heavier than himself, with whom he could not afford to take any chances. Against men his own weight he has been able to go in and swap a punch for a punch. Harry Forbes, Eddie Hanlon and Jimmy Walsh were all bantams, and Attell knocked out the first two, and dropped Walsh to the floor in their fight at Chelsea, Mass.

Neil is a little whirlwind, however, with great natural strength and hitting power, and a most determined, desperate fighter while in the ring. Attell will hardly mix it with Neil, as he has too much at stake.

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Despite every legal effort that the promoters may make to prevent it, it is apparent that public boxing in New York is a thing of the past. Gov. Higgins has ordered the sheriffs of the various counties to enforce the law which prohibits any kind of boxing in public, and the officials are perforce compelled to carry out their instructions. Naturally thousands of reputable and self-respecting men who are patrons of Queensberry boxing as it has been conducted in this city in recent months are wrathy at the action that has resulted in the stoppage of their favorite sport.

They insist that the governor should not have given the orders he did without first investigating the conditions of the game in this city. It is the general belief that the governor was unduly influenced by the clamor of a parcel of dyspeptic intolerants who have no taste for anything except psalm singing, and would strangle all forms of healthy sport. It is these scraggy, vixenish, long-faced hypocrites who would not have a human being crack a smile on the seventh day of the week, and who have spasms of virtuous indignation when a boy who works hard for six days of the week dares to seek a little recreation in the open air on Sunday.

It is these ill-natured dogs in the manger who feel that all life is but a solemn march to the grave, and that anyone caught enjoying themselves should at once be put in a straightjacket.

A bout in which two robust men buffet each other with soft glove is regarded by the sniveling apostles of a lean and unhappy existence as the chief instrument of Satan for the demoralization of the human race, and they have deluged Gov. Higgins with tearful protests against the awful crimes against all that is sweet and good.

Without taking the trouble to find out the real facts of the case, and accepting the stories of the fanatics that the bouts were brutal and demoralizing, the governor has at one fell stroke deprived thousands of citizens of New York of a form of innocent amusement that was thoroughly appreciated by some of the solidest and most reputable business men in the Metropolis.

He has also deprived scores of skillful boxers, who have devoted years to the acquirement of the science of the game, of the means of earning a livelihood.

In fact, Gov. Higgins by listening to the frenzied screeches of a lot of biased and malicious opponents of everything that has to do with heartiness and strength and skill has done a serious injustice to a large and respectable class of the community.

It remains to be seen how long the sport-loving and health-seeking community will tolerate this interference by the religious cranks. The chances are that an association will soon be formed to combat the biased and arrogant attitude of these cranks, and secure for its members the right to take such amusement and recreation as they choose, so long as they do not interfere with the rights of other citizens.

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While the law is the potential factor in putting an end to the fighting game in New York, other causes may be assigned to the stoppage in other places. In Philadelphia the public has had a surfeit of the boxing game, and has made itself manifest in the most convincing way—at the box office. Undoubtedly the terrible catastrophe at San Francisco affected the attendance at boxing shows, just as it affected all sorts of enterprises which look to the humbler classes for their support. But that would account only for a slight falling off in the attendance. The reason for the extraordinary slump must be looked for elsewhere. Of course, the increase in the number of clubs has helped to split the patronage, for he is a poor matchmaker indeed who cannot engage a few boys who have personal followings.

Probably the principal cause of the decline in public interest is the lack of novelty shown in the various bills. With the exception of Spike Robson, and possibly Hock Keyes, not a new boxer of class has been sprung in the last six months. Making the circuit of the various clubs, the average sport would be apt to think that he was up against a merry-go-round. The same old faces, the same old styles, and generally the same old results. About the size of it is, there's too much community interest in the boxing game just now for the good of the game itself; too much I'll tickle you, you tickle me. The public cannot dictate a card, but it can say whether or not it will patronize it. You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make it drink. It is a wise promoter who finds out what the sports want, and then gives them lots of it.

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Willie Lewis and his admirers are dissatisfied because of the criticism which resulted from the famous recent battle with Joe Gans at Madison Square Garden, and while he expresses confidence in his ability to beat the lightweight champion, is not disposed to try on account of the latter's unsavory reputation. Here is what his manager says:

"As to another fight between Lewis and Gans, why, what is the use? For two years Lewis dogged Gans, offering to make 133 pounds and posting money to do it. This is a matter of record. Gans refused, but he fought others, and laid claim to being able to make that weight. Gans didn't want Lewis.

"After two years Lewis gets six rounds with him. Lewis wins, and what is the result? Gans says Lewis is overweight, and he (Gans) is not in condition. Gans' critics declare he was pulling, but the facts of the matter are these: Lewis weighed 142 pounds, and whipped Gans to the king's taste. What credit does he get? None. And why? He gets none because Gans has confessed to many shady dealings in former fights.

"If the pair fight for twenty rounds Lewis would knock him out, in fact, he would have blinded him in a couple of more rounds the other night. But what credit would he get? None, because it would be the same old story: 'Gans laid down.' I am satisfied Gans was trying, so was every good judge that witnessed the fight and saw the champion's mug after it was over. But you can't satisfy those who refuse to trust Gans.

"I do not fear to make another match; in fact, would be delighted to do so, for a knockout over Gans would clinch Lewis' claim to the welter title. But the credit would be lacking, so I pass him up.

"The time may come when the public will recognize Lewis as the star welter, and then I may give Gans another chance and demonstrate that Willie is his master. There is no need to demonstrate it to Gans; he knows it. In justice to Lewis I must say that he wants to fight Gans anywhere and any number of rounds. He has fought him once and has his number."

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Jack Blackburn is going to claim the lightweight title if Joe Gans persists in ignoring his challenge. He has for two years been gradually working his way to the top of the pugilistic ladder, trying to get recognition from the top-notchers of the boxing business, but they have all refused to meet him. Some drew the color line, refusing to make a match with Blackburn because he was a negro. Others refused to box Blackburn because, as they acknowledged, he was too tough a proposition for them to go up against.

Joe Gans, who could not draw the color line, has always refused to box Blackburn at the lightweight limit because he claimed that Blackburn had no financial backing and he would not make a match for the championship unless he could get a side bet sufficient to make it worth his while to train for so important a bout.

A man has been found willing to risk $1,000 on Blackburn in a match with Gans and the Philadelphia lightweight has determined to make Gans box him for the lightweight championship or to give up his claim to the title, and he has issued the following challenge:

PHILADELPHIA, June 5, 1906.

"My backer posted $1,000 with George Considine, of New York, as a forfeit, and I hereby challenge Joe Gans to box me for the lightweight championship of the world before any club in America, the bout to be at 133 pounds. I have been trying to get on a match with Gans for more than a year, but he has always refused to meet me, claiming that I had no backing, and refusing to box without a side bet. Now, my backer is willing to let the forfeit of $1,000 which is posted in New York with Mr. Considine stand as a side bet if Gans will meet me for the lightweight championship. I will let this money stand for one week, and if Gans refuses to box me I will claim the lightweight championship and will defend the title against all comers, and I am ready to meet Battling Nelson, Jimmy Britt, Hock Keyes or any other boxer in the world on the same terms which I have offered to Joe Gans. Yours truly,

"JACK BLACKBURN."

Looks as if it were about time for Gans to quit fooling with Nelson, who don't want to fight him, and do business with a man who will.

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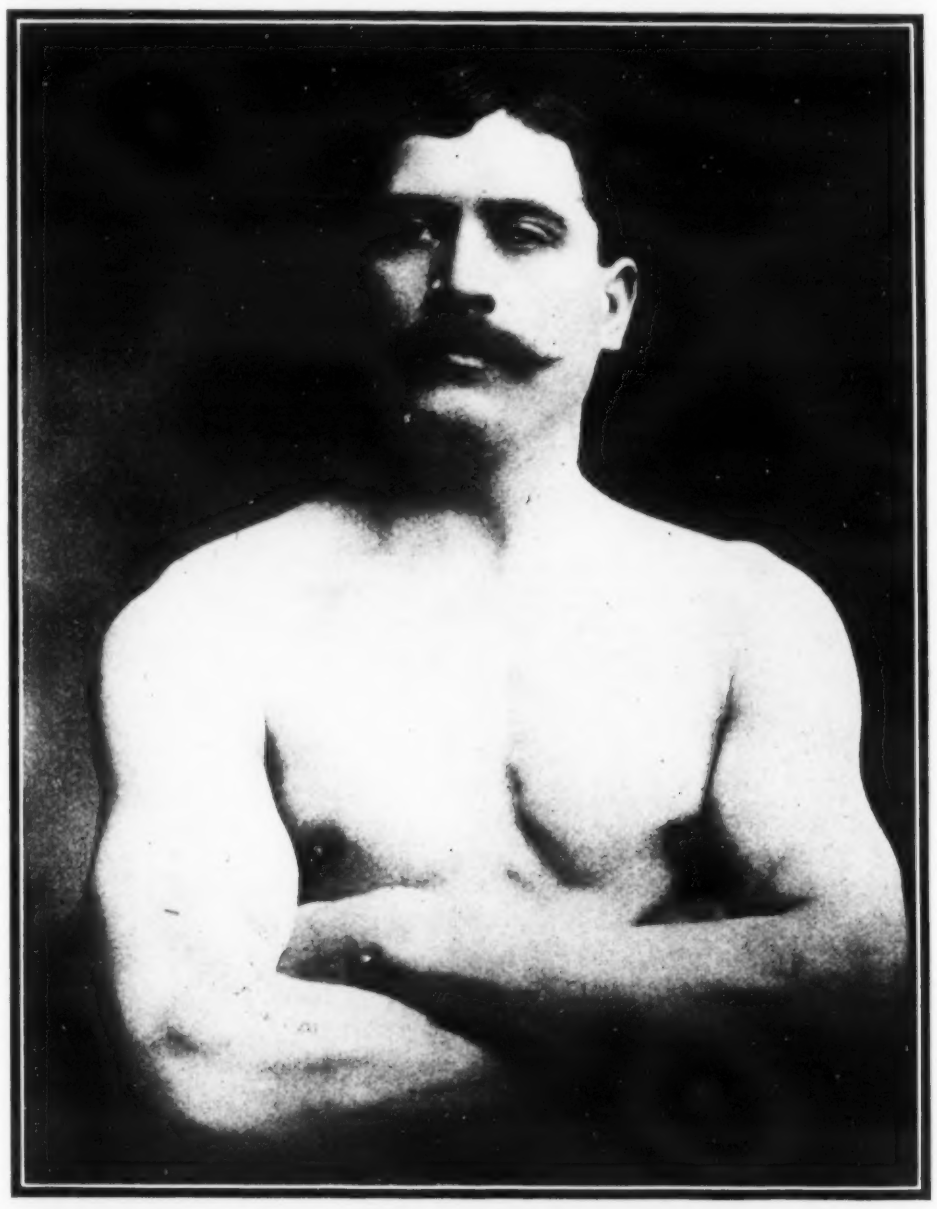
Terry McGovern has torn himself away from the alluring attractions of Broadway and has settled down to hard work for the Summer at Ponpoosuc Lake, ideally situated in the Berkshire Hills, a half mile from Pittsfield, Mass. Terry is anxious to get into fine shape, and has lost no time starting his work. He spent his first day making the acquaintance of the locality and devising a schedule of work for himself that will leave him solid and speedy when he gets back to the fighting game. His next mill will be with Jimmy Britt, and Terry does not want to take any chances by poor training.

Everything at the lake is so ordered that Terry ought to have the greatest facilities, and he is well pleased with the outlook. He will spend much of his time driving and rowing. The Ponpoosuc Boat Club has extended to him the privilege of using its house when he wants to get out on the water. Besides that he will do other outdoor work.

The little fighter has determined to train faithfully. Ponpoosuc is sufficiently far removed from Broadway to keep him out of sight of the other sports among whom he has always rated as a good fellow. He is accompanied by his family, his brother Phil and his step-brother, Joe Kenny, Johnny Burdick and Charley Mayhood, his old trainers.

SAM C. AUSTIN.



WILHELM PETERS.

One of the many Fine Wrestlers of the Vorwartz Athletic Club, of Hoboken, N. J. He Bars None of the Grapplers to Meet Him in a Bout on the Mat.

YANKEE SPORTS ARE CHAMPIONS.

America Boasts of Her World Beaters and Their Records.

Carrying a chip on one's shoulder is the proud prerogative of every American citizen, native born or alien, whose blood warms with admiration at the deeds accomplished by our countrymen on land and water. As a sporting nation, America unquestionably leads the world, and if the quartette of players who are now in England in quest of the Davis cup should succeed in beating the Dohertys and bring the famous tennis trophy to this country, they will have landed one of the few championships that remain out of the United States.

England has the best oarsmen in the world. Its Leander crew is without a rival. In tennis, the Doherty's have beaten the pick of the world's players and can be fairly rated at the top of their class, but in every other recognized international game the United States has been steadily forging to the front, until to-day there is little left for athletes of other countries.

Such games as cricket or baseball cannot be taken into the reckoning. They are national sports of certain countries, and, naturally, supremacy cannot be expected to go elsewhere. It is in the sports that all know that the test of international mastery must be made.

Every nation has its track and field athletes, but none of them compare with those of Uncle Sam. In each of the four revivals of the Olympic games the United States won by a big margin, until now all but three of the records are held in this country. Even England's long-boasted premiership in distance running gets a severe jolt in the victory at Athens of Lightbody, the Chicago man.

Years ago, England used to have some great pugilists. Men like Charley Mitchell, Billy Plimmer, Jem Smith and Frank Slavin gave some hard battles to the best we had here. But that time is now past. Jeffries is so far ahead of them all that there is not a man in England who would be rated as better than a hundred to one shot with the boilermaker. So on down the line the same is true. O'Brien, Gans, Nelson and Ryan would clean up the leaders of their classes, and it is not at all sure that Bowker, who by his victory over Frankie Neil gained the bantamweight championship, the only title held in England, would be able to confirm his right in another bout.

Hoppe outranks all the billiard players of the mother country, as Frank Ives used to, and the style of riding used by American jockeys, as, for instance Sloan, Maher and Reiff, has resulted in a new school of riding in England.

Miss May Sutton makes all her sister tennis players of England look like jokes, and Walter Travis, who is rated as an American, holds the amateur golf championship of England.

Only a short time ago, Frank Kramer, an American, was good enough to win the international bicycle championship in London, which is saying something when it is recalled that cycle racing, almost a forgotten sport in this country, still holds its popularity on the other side.

Jay Gould did not succeed in landing the court tennis championship of England, but it took the best man they have to beat him, and the victor, Eustace Miles, did not hesitate to admit that in a few years the grandson and namesake of Jay Gould is almost certain to hold the title.

Uncle Sam has the grit, the daring, the endurance. It is not surprising that he ranks to-day the world's best athlete.

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F. L. M., Fort Screven, Ga.—Get a manager.

A. L., Fort Wayne, Ind.—Nelson-Herrera fight was called off.

C. J., Newark, N. J.—Is Tommy Ryan, the middleweight, a Jew?.....He is not.

Reader, Orange, N. J.—P loses. He is trying now to get out of it on a technicality.

E. N. O., Crow Agency, Mont.—You are right. Thank you for putting us right.

A. D. T., Suffern, N. Y.—Send your question to the *Turf, Field & Farm*, New York City.

F. L., Saranac Lake, N. Y.—What does the four kings and four queens count in three-handed pinochle, 240 or 220?.....240.

R. J. K. Croghan, N. Y.—Tell me the nationality of Jeffries and Fitzsimmons?.... American and English, respectively.

A. T., Burlington, Ia.—Who won the wrestling match between the Greek Demon and James Parr, at the Metropolitan Theatre?.....Parr.

G. M.—How many years ago is it since George Hazel won the six-day go-as-you-please race and how many miles?.....1882. 609 miles, 220 yards.

T. M. L., Old Forge.—Four-handed game of forty-five; dealer turns up king; does the dealer take the king up when another man has the ace?.....Yes.

L. C., Brooklyn.—If two men are playing pool and one is to bank the last ball, does it count pool if on his seventh shot two balls go in the pocket?.....No.

Reader, Detroit, Mich.—The original Tim Callahan who fought McGovern and Young Corbett lives in Philadelphia and fought Kid Gleason there on May 31.

W. J. F., Newport, R. I.—A bets Sailor Burke knocked out Peter Maher; B bets he didn't. Who wins?.....Maher was knocked out in the second round.

J. C., Walker, Ia.—A man buys a horse for $90 and sells him for $100 and buys him back for $80. How much money does he make on the transaction?.....He makes $20.

F. J. W., Warren, O.—Tell me the weights of the prize fighters for the championship titles; bantam, feather, light, welter, middle and heavyweight?..... 115, 122, 133, 142, 156 and over.

L. S., Stevens Point, Wis.—What is the record for under water swim, or as I believe it is commonly termed, plunge for distance?.....One minute limit 79 feet, 3 inches, by W. Taylor, England.

A. K. M., Atlanta, Ga.—Let me know where I can obtain information relative to the civil service of New York City?.....Write to Secretary Civil Service Commission, 299 Broadway, New York City.

P. P., Paterson, N. J.—Please send me a Bartender's Guide in the Greek language. Send it C. O. D. to Peter Pappas, cor. West street and Broadway?.....If the number of subscriptions to the book justified the expense we would gladly translate it into Greek or any other language.

A. W., Brooklyn, N. Y.—A, B and C play a game of auction pinochle; A 650 on the slate; B has 780 and C has 995; A wins the bid with 400, but C takes a trick and claims out. Has he a right to do it?.....No. A wins.

Wellington Saloon, Prescott, Ariz.—If a man bets 2 to 1 on a prize fight and the fight is a draw, do they both take down their original bets or do they get back $1.50 apiece?.....Each draws down his original stake.

Correction.—A bets Dan Patch was the first horse to go one mile in less than two minutes; B bets he is not?.....B wins. Star Pointer was the first horse to go under 2 minutes. He paced a mile against time on Aug. 28, 1897, in 1:59¼.

S. G., Mountain Lake.—A, B and C playing draw poker; A is dealing; B opens the jack pot and C stays; B calls for three cards, one of which turned face up; C says B is forced to take card which is turned face up; B says not; who is right?.....B is right.

J. W. T., Pawtucket, R. I.—A and B are playing a game of auction pitch; ten points the game; B is dealing; A is 8; B is 9; A gives the board 3 points; A makes ace, deuce, game; B makes jack; who has won the game?.....A wins, as ace, deuce puts him out, and he makes his bid.

Hoffman, Liberty, N. Y.—Has one race horse won two races in one day on any Eastern track and date? Did Sidney Lucas ever start in two races in one day?.....1. Not on one track; Billy Lakeland owned a horse named Exile which won a race at Brighton Beach and later in the day won another at Sheepshead Bay. 2. Yes.

P. E. M., Kenton, O.—Can you tell me the world's record for walking one mile? Can you give me the names and addresses of a few of the fastest walkers in the world? Was there a walking race in the Olympic contests of 1906? Are there any walking races in the athletic contests in this country or Canada? Do you know of any half-mile, two-mile or five-mile walking records?.....1. 6 minutes 29½ seconds. 2. Murray, Sturges, Roby. 3. Yes. 4. Not any more. 5. You will find them in the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual," send six two-cent stamps.

W. H. M., Lowell, Mass.—Six men playing a friendly game of poker; A, B, C, D, E and F; A is dealing the cards; F sitting on his right cuts the cards; A, the dealer, asks B, C, D and E if they wish to cut, they refuse and say go ahead; then A, the dealer, starts to deal around, the cards have been dealt around once, when B says, "I want to cut the cards;" I say, "You can't cut the cards;" he then bets that he has a right to cut the cards even though he has refused to cut and the cards have been dealt around?.....He has no right to a cut.

"GROVER."

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L. B. H., Thomasville, Ga.—In a game of setback or pitch; 7 points to go out; A has only 2 points to make; B has 1 point to make; A is the bidder, and bids 1 with 2 points to go out, and makes jack, game; B with 1 point to go out holds high (ace); who is out, bidder who made his 2 points or B, who held high?..... High wins.

F. E., Clearwater, Idaho.—We had a game of freeze-out for the drinks; the man next to the dealer passed; the next man bet five chips; the next man to him put in five chips, but said nothing; and it came around to the man that bet first and he bet five more chips; was the first man that bet subject to another raise?.....No.

A. B. C. D., Elgin, Ill.—A four-handed game of sixty-six was played; spades being trumps; A plays it alone; B played it alone against him; A's hand is ace, ten, queen of spades, ace and ten of hearts and jack of diamonds; B's hand is king, jack, nine of spades, jack of hearts, jack of clubs and nine of diamonds; A gets last trick but not sixty-six; who gets points and how many?.....B gets two.

M. A. T., Pocatello, Idaho.—Cribbage; A has deuce, trey, ace; B has six, four, five; the fourth card in both hands of no consequence; A leads deuce; B plays six; A plays trey; B plays four and counts fifteen two; A plays ace; B plays five, and claims run of six; A claims run of four, 2, 3, 1, 4 as played; B claims no count for A, but claims B a run of six, playing the five the last card? It is a run of six.

R. J. W., Detroit.—A and B are shaking Indian dice; A shakes one ace and one six on first throw; one ace on second throw, and two fours third throw, and claims four fours on account of ace running wild; B contends that inasmuch as A started with an ace and six he has but three sixes at the finish?.....Three sixes and two fours is the best he can have.

H. G. L., Oakland Pier, Cal.—Advise me whether any bets were paid on the McGovern-Britt fight in your city, May 28. We have some money tied up, one of the boys claiming same was a draw and refusing to allow collection of the stakes until hearing from some authority that bets were paid on the fight?.....No decision was rendered and we have not heard of any bets being paid.

D. J. F., Ashtabula, O.—A dealt the cards in a game of seven-up; the cards were run; A four to go and D one to go; D led six of hearts; diamonds were trumps; A did not lead any card back, but held card in hand and said: "If you have the jack you are out." D had lone jack, but A had king and several other trumps; A and D both claim the jack and have a bet on it; D laid the jack down and said: "I am out."..... D wins.

C. P., New Castle, Wyo.—In shaking dice, ace wild, does two deuces beat five aces? A shakes five fours in three shakes; B shakes five aces in two shakes; has B the privilege of shaking one of his aces again? Does any fives tie in ace wild? In a two-handed game of seven-up, and no count for game; who scores the point? In wild ace, and shaking four dice to one ace; must he call the size of ace?.....1. No. 2. Yes. 3. Yes. 4. Non-dealer. 5. No.

THE LATEST HOYLE

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M'GOVERN TRAINING.

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ATTELL AND NEIL MATCHED.

Abe Attell, featherweight champion, is matched to fight Frankie Neil, of San Francisco, on the afternoon of July 4, at Los Angeles, Cal. The youngsters were formerly matched to fight, but the San Francisco disaster interfered, and Manager Platz and Neil went East.

Now McCarey has perfected his plans and the lads will go into the ring at 122 pounds. McCarey says he will take no chances this time, and the men will be required to weigh before the club representatives each day for a week previous to the fight. McCarey has also announced that Bowker, the English champion, will be brought over to fight the winner of the bout.

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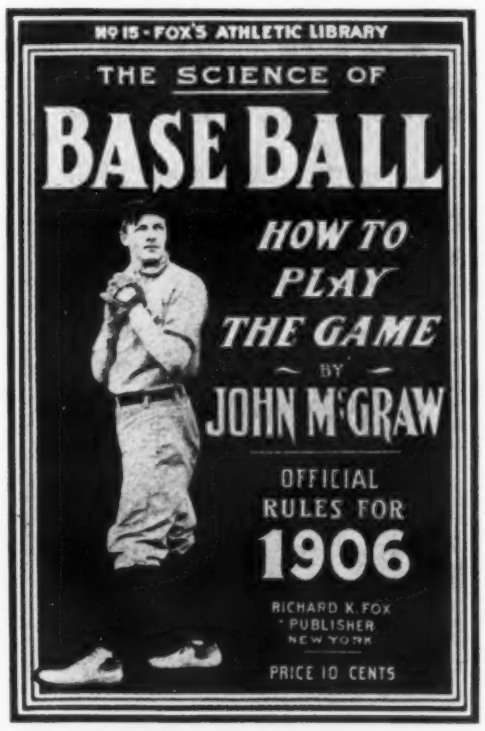

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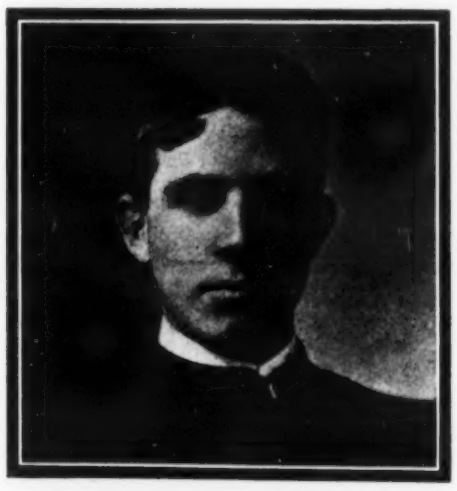

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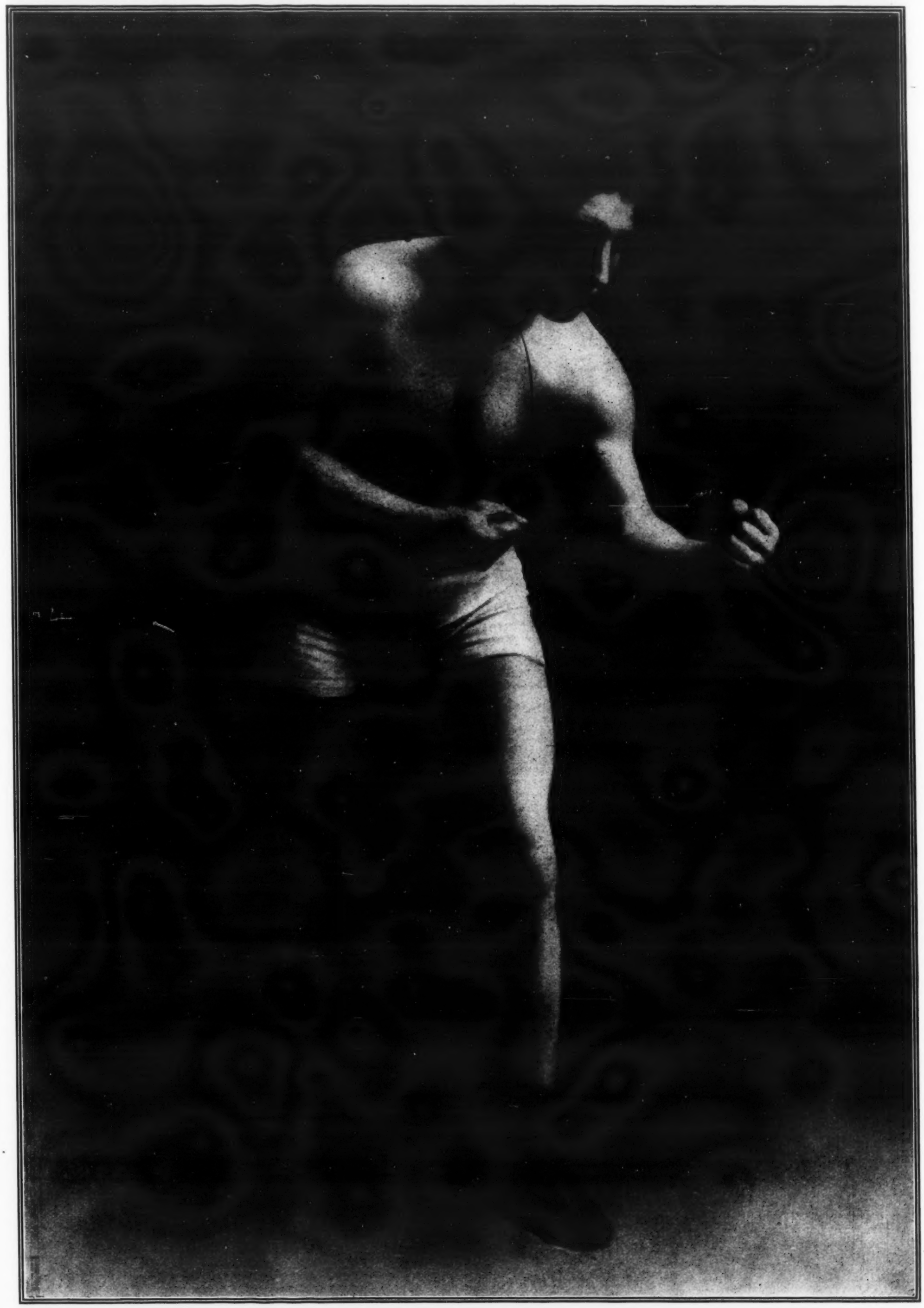

FRANKIE NEIL.

THE HARD-HITTING CALIFORNIA BOXER WHO IS MATCHED TO BATTLE WITH ABE ATTELL FOR THE FEATHERWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP AT LOS ANGELES.

A PROMINENT MIXOLOGIST

Wise Bartenders will Get Good Tips in This Column.

Harry Roth, of 165 Spruce street, Newark, N. J., is a well-known saloonist in the State of New Jersey. He is an expert mixologist and understands the wet goods business thoroughly. Mr. Roth is a lover of sports and for many years a reader of the POLICE GAZETTE.

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We are going to give you something for nothing.

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Think of a new drink.

Have you any ambition?

Don't you know that if you win a POLICE GAZETTE medal, success knocks at your door, and that advance from that time on is rapid.

HINEY RAFAEL PUNCH.

(By Sam Brooks, 39 Eddy St., San Francisco, Cal.)

Use mixing glass with ice, half jigger Grenadine, one jigger Picon, one egg, fill glass with milk and shake well, serve in stem glass, and squeeze piece of lemon peel on top.

EXCHANGE BRACER.

(By H. Solomon, Exchange Saloon, Caldwell, Idaho.)

Use medium size bar glass; small lump of ice; two dashes lemon; two dashes Orange bitters; two dashes Curacoa; half wine glass Sherry; stir well with spoon; squirt seltzer on top and serve.

CHAMPAGNE JOLT.

(By J. C. Beyersdorffer, Zamboanga, Mindanao, Philippine Islands.)

Take thin glass, put in three or four lumps of ice, then one pony Catawba unfermented grape juice, nearly fill with plain soda, then float half pony brandy and serve.

THE O'CONNELL.

(William C. Cooper, Jr., The Mecca, Montgomery, Ala.)

Take large bar glass, the juice of one lemon, large bar spoon of sugar, fill glass with ice, three good dashes Peychaud's bitters, three dashes Absinthe, five dashes Curacoa, one-half whiskey, one-half Port wine, shake well, strain and serve.

COFFEE COCKTAIL—SERVED COLD.

(By George Davidson, St. Joseph, Mo.)

Lemonade glass half full cracked ice; add half a cup of coffee; cream to suit taste; tablespoon powdered sugar; one egg; small glass whiskey. Place cover over glass, shake well, straws.

LEWIS 66 PUNCH.

(By Bennie Jones, Newport News, Va.)

Use punch glass full of shaved ice; three dashes gum syrup; half jigger Orange brandy; one glass of Lewis 66. Stir and serve with fruit in season.

GOLD AND SILVER PUNCH.

(By H. Solomon, Exchange Saloon, Caldwell, Idaho.)

Bar glass three-quarters full shaved ice; two dashes lemon; six dashes Raspberry syrup; five dashes Maraschino; three dashes Curacoa; yolk of one egg; half wine glass French grape brandy; half wine glass of St. Croix rum. Shake well, strain in medium bar glass, take the white of an egg and beat till stiff and serve on top, dress with slice of orange and cherry, straws.

LOOKED LIKE A LEMON.

Jig Stone, the Boston lightweight, and Tommy Connolly, put up what looked to the spectators as a fake bout at Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., on June 8.

The bout was so slow and uninteresting that Referee Marty McCue threatened to stop it several times during the twelve rounds.

Jeff Doherty, of New Haven, decisively outpointed Billy Grover, of Boston, in the semi-final. The curtain raiser, a four-round draw, was furnished by two New York bantams, Terry Edwards and Charley Lucas.

BOWKER LOSES.

Joe Bowker, the English champion featherweight, who some time ago defeated Frankie Neil, in England, suffered defeat at the hands of one of his countrymen, Jim Driscoll, recently, in a fifteen-round bout at the National Sporting Club, London, Eng.

The defeat of Bowker may upset the plans of the Los Angeles club, which had planned to bring him here and match him against Jimmy Walsh. The winner of that bout would meet the winner of the Neil and Attell contest.

The Lincoln Club of Chelsea cabled to Bowker an offer, and his manager, Bettinson, replied that the terms were not accepted. The Lincoln Club matchmaker, learning of Driscoll's win over Bowker, is going to try and get Driscoll to come here and meet either Walsh or Attell.

DRAWS BETTER.

In a letter received June 5, 1906, from the Western Advertising Agency, Toledo, Ohio, occurs the following:

"Mr. A. W. Gunnels, of this city, claims that the **Police Gazette draws better than any other medium his advertisement appears in.**"

Mr. Gunnels has advertised in the "Police Gazette" for many years. He also advertises in quite a large number of papers and "keys" his advertisements, hence is in a position to know what papers pay him.

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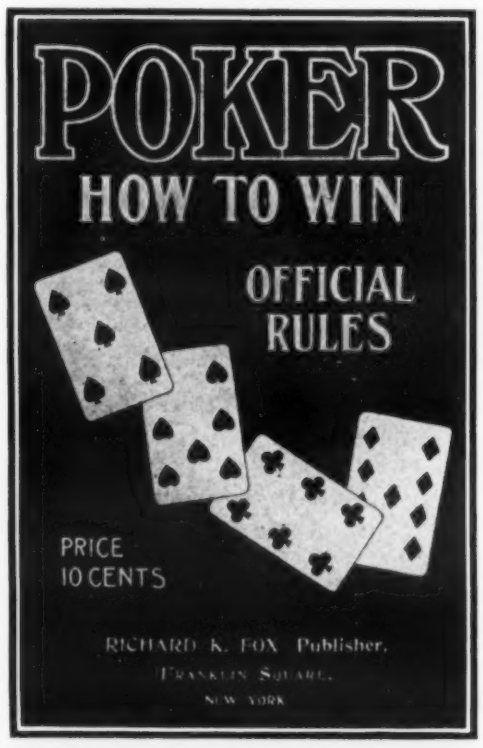
You ought to have a Copy of THIS BOOK



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WE don't talk much about it because it speaks for itself, but we wish you to give it a trial.

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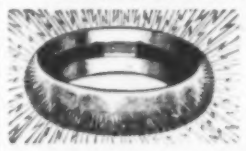

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COUPON No. 1207 Cut this out and send at once and get a Dollar Ring for only 12 cents. A **Solid Gold Shell Signet Ring, warranted** for three years. Handsomely finished with raised scrolls on the sides and any initial engraved **Free.** The picture does not show one-half their beauty. They always pass for a $5.00 ring and are all the **rage** at the present time. Suitable for men, women and children and we want everyone to get this ring, so they may know the quality of goods we make. For this reason we ask you to send us only **12 cents** to help pay postage and labor, etc., on ring and catalogue. State size and initial. Address, **DEFIANCE RING CO. 65 W. Broadway, New York.**

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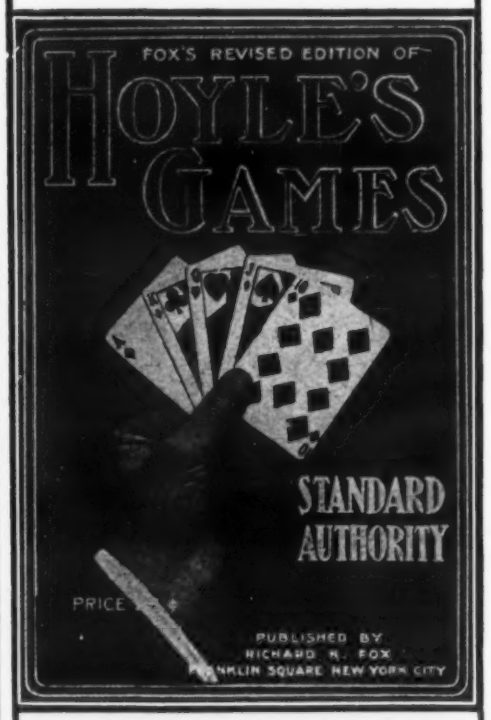

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KAISER WON EASILY.

Charles Kaiser, the Auburn, N. Y., lightweight wrestler who has been doing well on the mat during the past year, added another victory to his credit recently at Auburn, when he defeated Athos, who was touted as a wonder at the game.

The match was held in the Maccabee Temple and the hall was crowded, and it was a strenuous bout from start to finish. Kaiser won the first fall in 19 minutes and 40 seconds with a half Nelson and combination bar hold. The second fall was made in 4 minutes and 45 seconds with a neck, scissors and half Nelson. Kaiser gave his opponent fierce handling and at the close the mat was smeared with blood. Tom Stanley, of Rochester, was unsuccessful in trying to throw little Ernest Preg twice in half an hour. Jack Martlew was referee and Frank Abar timekeeper.

FROM THE ANTIPODES.

ROSE BAY AMATEUR SWIMMING CLUB.
SYDNEY, N. S. W., AUSTRALIA, April 21, 1906.

Richard K. Fox—Dear Sir: We have read many of your publications, viz. boxing, wrestling, etc., and appreciate them very much.

Yours sincerely,
E. S. CLEBURNE, Hon. Sec.

NELSON'S BOUT ALWAYS.

At the Gloucester (Mass.) A. C., on June 4, Young Nelson, of Lawrence, knocked out Young Keating, of Gloucester, in the eighth of a twelve-round bout. It was practically a repetition of the bout between the two boys a few weeks ago. Nelson had the brains, made every blow count, and did not waste any steam. Keating, on the other hand, did a lot of useless swinging. Nelson was always there when he wanted to be, and won easily.

Tim Bridges, of Gloucester, got the decision over Steve Collins in a six-round go. Bridges did all the leading, but could not put his man away. Jack Sheehan, of Boston, was the referee.

BRADLEY HAS A PUNCH.

Ike Bradley, an English bantamweight, who came here with a good reputation, made his first appearance in this country at the National A. C., Philadelphia, on June 8, and the impression that he created was that he might do in a long bout, but he is too slow for the six-round set-to.

Bradley is very small for a boxer, but is splendidly built and looks to be as strong as a young ox. He is, however, neither clever nor fast, and his opponent, Tommy O'Toole, had no difficulty in earning the verdict.

Bradley was unable to reach Tommy whenever he led, which was seldom, but he gave a fairly good account of himself in the mix-ups at close range, appeared to be game, and his long suit is a right-hand swing. To get in this favorite blow he seemed willing to take several blows. O'Toole was too clever to let Bradley use his right often, but Ike got it across a few times, and the blows stung the pride of Port Richmond.

In the preliminaries Freddy Welsh, of England, knocked out Mike Laughlin in the second round, and Frank Carsey stopped Abe Herman, in the fourth round.

MOODY AND LOVE SLOW.

In the main event at the show of the Lancaster A. C., Lancaster, Pa., on June 4, the principals, Willie Moody and Tommy Love, both of Philadelphia, boxed a very tame bout. Moody had to do all the leading, but most of the time was used up in clinches. This was all Love's fault, as Moody showed a desire to fight all the time, but Love's unwillingness to mix it made the bout poor. Moody was an easy winner. Lee Houck, of Lancaster, knocked out Hughey McCann, of Philadelphia, in the fifth round. Kid Henry, of Lancaster, put it all over Kid Terrell, of Philadelphia, but the latter stayed the six rounds. The bout between Joe Campbell, of Philadelphia, and Jimmy Flynn, of Newfoundland, was stopped in the third round, as Flynn was not in the game. Tommy Logan, of Philadelphia, bested Young Peerless, another Philadelphia lad.

UNHOLZ THE WINNER.

Rudolph Unholz, of South Africa, was given the decision in a fifteen-round bout with Arthur Cote, of Biddeford, before a crowd of 1,100 spectators, the exhibition being under the auspices of the Augusta A. C., at Augusta, Me., on June 5.

Young Kenney was to have fought Unholz, but he wired at the last moment that sickness would prevent his coming, and Cote was telegraphed for to take his place. Cote was fat and almost wholly out of training, while Unholz was a bundle of well-knit muscles, showing almost perfect form.

Unholz was quicker than a cat, the fastest and most aggressive fighter that has yet been seen here, but very much lighter than Cote.

Cote played practically all through the contest on the defensive, rather than take chances on opening up. Cote took some hard punches, but landed effectively on Unholz in the third, fourth and thirteenth rounds.

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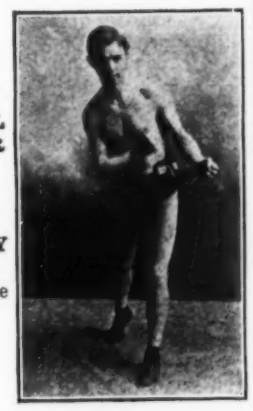

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DRAWS BETTER.
In a letter received June 5, 1906, from the Western Advertising Agency, Toledo, Ohio, occurs the following:
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Renews sprightliness and vigor.
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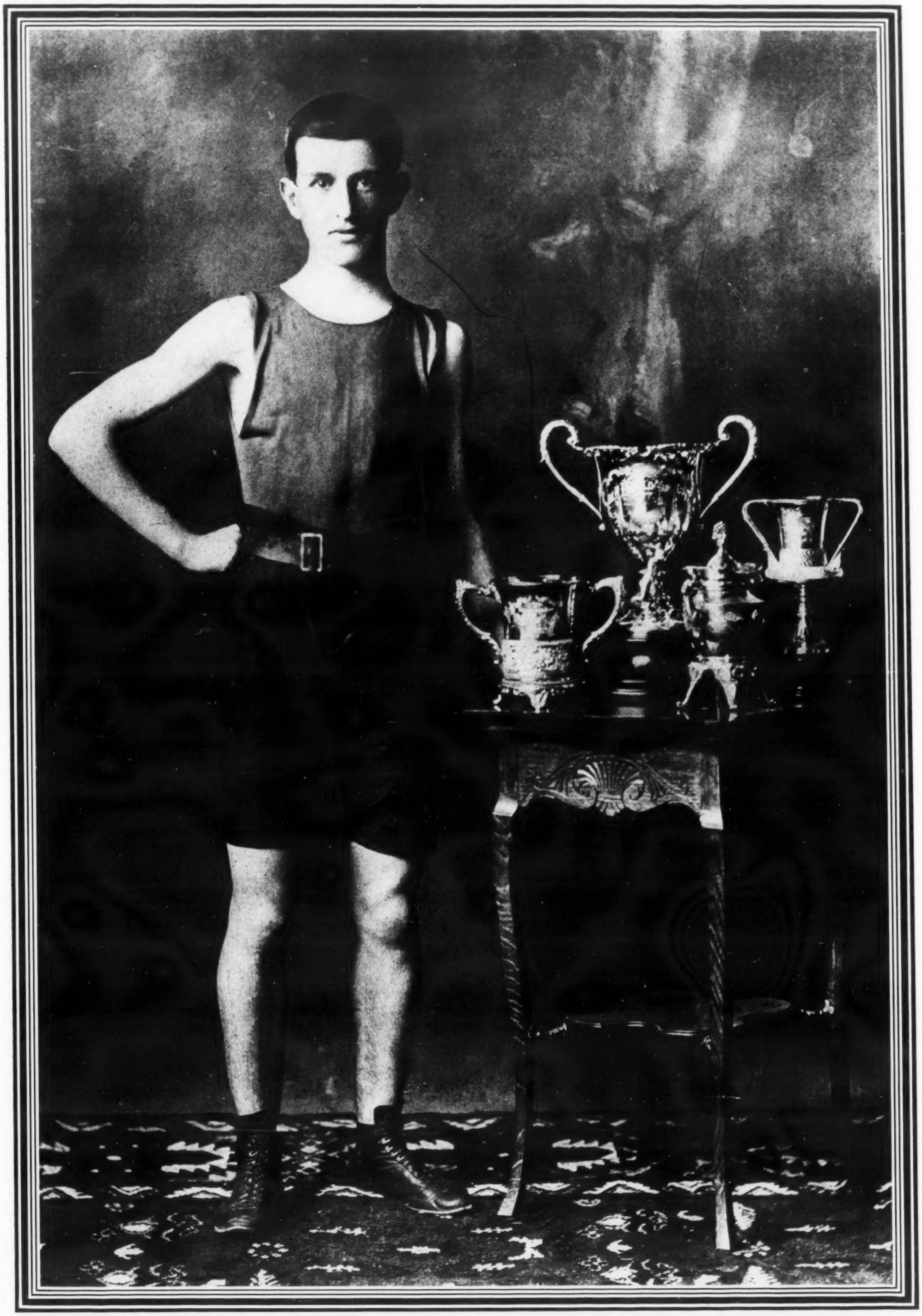

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